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THE LATE FLETCHER WEBSTER.

COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER, second son of Daniel Webster, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., July 23, 1813. He fell, August 30, 1862, leading his regiment, the Twelfth Massachusetts, into battle at Bull Run. This is all the historian will learn of one whose name and death has endeared him to the nation. But Fletcher Webster has left in the hearts of a few friends a memory many men might envy who fill a larger space upon the written page. To them, this almost unknown man was a great and shining mind, united with a warmth of soul which made him a part of their lives, and they will recall him with deep respect, shaded by tenderness and sorrow.

When Fletcher rode over the country, in company with his distinguished father, the little fellow never failed to draw freely from that fountain of knowledge which astonished juries and senates, and carefully treasured up arguments and opinions for after years. As he became older, he followed his father's fishing-rod into the meadows, and felt repaid, after waiting silently a half-hour, by some of those splendid passages which afterwards flashed, as it seemed, from the inspiration of the moment.

Whether Daniel Webster wished to express his thoughts with the simplicity of a child, or spoke from the force of habit, his son neither knew nor cared, but he grew up with a happier idea of the rod than most New England boys. During the last year of his life, these conversations of boyhood charmed many a group about the camp-fire after a weary march. If officers were not near, the soldiers or servants were led away from their trials to Marshfield or Washington. Often as his spirits rose, he would quote half pages of Milton or Homer, of Butler or Cicero, until at length his father's presence came back, and the orations, which were to him perfect thought in perfect words, ended every conversation. No one who heard him then will forget the richness of his selections, as flash after flash of eloquence fell from his lips—his eyes lighted, his gestures graceful and powerful, his whole person thrilled with feeling; and when he had reached the fulness of thought, whether he discoursed on jurisprudence or metaphysics or theology, he invariably added, "So my father said." Then we knew he had finished, and why the shadow came over his countenance. He had gone back to former days, and perhaps the future added a shade, though he knew it not.

The saying of a rough farmer was a text for Fletcher Webster on many an evening. "Your father never did his best," and the warmth of his words betrayed a sympathy with what he considered the most complete compliment ever given. Fletcher never did his best. He was afraid that it would be unworthy his name. Better than his father was to be God, and he was too proud to be less. Therefore, with all his ambition, his life did not advance beyond an implicit obedience

to the opinions of childhood. On his return from China he delivered a lecture of great brilliancy; but he would say, "People began to praise it, and I stopped there." His occasional speeches were fitted exactly to his audience; always dignified, and never dull, and never did his command of thought and illustration betray him. That "best" was a terror.

Fletcher Webster was destined by his sagacious father for a life in the West. To grow up with that vast country, to represent and control its interests, was the hope of his later years. The father and son were thus to be the Joachim and Boaz in the temple of Freedom. The farmers at Marshfield still shake their heads over Fletcher's fondness for hunting and friends. He was not of their guild. Yet none doubted his energy. One day some of his fine hogs were missing. The overseer found them in the drove of some dangerous neighbors, German squatters. "Tell me," said Fletcher, "when you hear that they are ready to kill." The morning found him standing by his pung, loading his rifle beside the herd. "Show me one." It fell dead. Out rushed the Germans, desperate and threatening to kill the sportsman. Another fell; then the rest in turn. In vain they stormed and shouted. "Now then," said Mr. Webster to the astonished thieves, with a gesture they could not mistake, "Load them up." Still muttering, they put in the fattened hogs, and afterwards the herd was not troubled. But the rifle did not save the farm from "going down," and the farmer from coming back to Marshfield.

The colonel was a dear lover of books, well read, of generous views, and graceful in expressing them. His letters were models of sweetness, without a suspicion of affectation or carelessness. Many of his father's famous state papers during Harrison and Tyler's administration were from his pen. Whatever he touched was golden. In social life there was a fascination in his conversation none could resist. His heart was deep as a summer sky, and even in the darker hour when he saw no light there were always bright, clear words for others, stars of the first magnitude. There was a knightly grandeur about his contempt for everything mean, and a lavish way of serving friends that would have left him as poor as Belisarius, though he had every year the treasures of Rome. But this very openness of heart led him to trust every one. If the world had been like him in kindness he would have been the glory of his race. But over the fairest prospect ever a young man looked out upon, a cloud rose. It were untruthful not to mention it, but unkind to dwell upon it. He might better have spared many other words than that little one, not born in his lips, No.

Those who love the colonel remember how much better than bugle or band was his "close up, boys." Tumbling through deep mudholes into the darkness, wading through creeks into the swamp, crowding through thickets into the forests, "close up, boys," sounded out clear and musical, never failing to start the echo of a cheer when the good cheer itself was quite marched out. The men were proud of him. He was indispensable to the commissary when the beef was over salt, shoes over worn, or blankets lost. His charity covered a multitude of cold and aching places. He had a way of looking out for them quite home-like. He rarely took discipline into his hands, but his rebuke was more severe than courts-martial were elsewhere. No one marched them so slowly, spoke to them so kindly, or met them so cordially; yet none was more respected.

Fletcher Webster fell with his face to the enemy. He joined the ranks of those who do not answer the roll-call when the bugle sounds the last "assembly" in our cities. They seem detailed to guard the well-won field—still on duty, encamped round about us, veterans

worthy of promotion; in our hearts only can we brevet the dead. They were forgetful of our impatience and follies in the long struggle—teaching us to speak lightly of their errors and kindly of their virtues, for they deserve well of us. As the scenes are shifting so quickly and our labor is not finished, out of the shadows and silence we still hear the old voice, "Close up the ranks—steady, forward!" C.

THE REIGN OF SCARLET.

THE rage this season is for red, so say the fashion writers. Red dresses, red skirts, red jackets, red cloaks, red in the bonnets, red ribbons to adorn the hair, and, to come down to the latest Parisian innovation, bright red hooped skirts and equally bright scarlet corsets. "What is the object of scarlet corsets and scarlet hooped skirts?" said a lady to the attendant in a store where these gaudy articles were displayed. "Object!" repeated the woman, eyeing her interlocutor contemptuously. "why, they are the latest style." This was sufficient. A garment may be opposed to every idea of propriety, good sense, and taste; it may be ugly in itself, as well as unbecoming to the wearer; but if it is the "latest style," that is indorsement enough; the most courageous woman would not after that dare to question its claims to respect and admiration.

The reign of scarlet is not incompatible with the reign of gold, which has been inaugurated about the same time, and divides the honors about equally in the world of fashion. But what shall be done with this rage for scarlet and this rage for gold which has broken out like the small-pox or the erysipelas, and exhibits itself in glaring blotches, in gilt bands and brassy pendants, suitable enough as an adornment for window curtains, but to our crude notion out of place on the delicate and graceful form of a pretty woman.

We say nothing of the scandal and impropriety of blazing out in the loose finery of shameless Parisian *lorettes* while the earth is yet fresh above the graves of thousands of the noblest and bravest among us, while thousands of homes are yet darkened by the loss of all that made life worth the living, or wrested it from the grasp of absolute want and misery—because such considerations, though well enough for the visitors of a tract society, or as the ground of appeal for charitable assistance, afford no reason at all why fashionable ladies should not follow their fancies and indulge their caprices.

But, unfortunately, our fashionable ladies are also our wives, sisters, mothers, friends, the guardians of our households, the angels of the hearthstone, upon whom, under Providence, the future destinies of the republic depend.

"The king rules the people,
But thou rulest the king."

Men rule the nation, but women make men. And what sort of men shall these women in scarlet, and gold, and gew-gaws make? Alas! not men honest, not men true, not men incorruptible, but false men, treacherous men, scheming men, men willing to sell themselves or their country for that gold and mockery of wealth, the love of which they drank in with their mother's milk.

Shall we have modest and true women for our wives and daughters, or shall we have purple and scarlet women, their shamelessness scarcely disguised by a thin semblance of respect for decency and virtue? At this supreme moment, when the nation is struggling to regain the life and strength which it spent in the effort to maintain its completeness and power, it needs the co-operation of all good and earnest people to heal, purify, strengthen, and consolidate the elements so lately disunited, now, under skillful manipulation, rapidly fusing themselves to-

gether. And can women do nothing to aid in accomplishing this desirable work? Are they really the dolls which some men consider them, or the something worse that they are held to be by others, that they cast aside duty, decency, and every womanly attribute, and, contentedly, nay, proudly, become the copyists of those who are excluded from the humblest fire-side, whose feet go down to destruction, whose hands lay hold on death.

Such a course of action on the part of American women is bad enough as a present evil, but it is worse in its future consequences. We cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. Already the results are seen in the loose habits, the reckless expenditure, the free-and-easy style of conversation, the adoption of slang terms and phrases, and the total neglect of all formerly received ideas of good taste and propriety among the women, especially the young women, who constitute what is called the best society.

"Mary Brandagee," a novel which professes to give an insight into upper New York life, represents young ladies as totally emancipated from all moral or social restraint, and, worse still, as quite unconscious of the evil, not to say infamy, which attaches to the unbridled indulgence of loose and vicious habits and inclinations. Yet many people say of this book, "How natural!" and are willing to forgive its want of coherence and common sense on account of its truth to nature.

We do not believe that the pure young girl-nature which all men love, and which poets have paid homage to, is yet wholly lost; we have faith that it even yet remains unsullied in many young hearts, notwithstanding the bad influences of the days upon which it has fallen. It is true that whatever can be done is done to make them false, lying, deceitful, and selfish; they are early taught to despise modesty and sincerity, as old-fashioned virtues, and that their business is to get themselves up, with all the arts and aids they can muster, for the market. They bury their freshness beneath a vile load of paint, powder, false hair, and dirty horse-hair, and lose their innocence in their love of display, and unmanly attempts to attract and secure the attention they consider it their business to win. Fashions are followed without any reference to their modesty, any more than their beauty, and are exaggerated, let the consequences be what they may.

A well-known writer drew down upon herself vials of wrath some time ago by her strictures upon the revelations made by the hooped skirts of the young lady visitors during the commencement festivities at Harvard College. At that time the small hooped skirt known as the "Quaker" was in vogue. What would she say now to the "bell-shape," that expanse of crinoline which extends its area at its base, and will not allow ladies to move, stoop, sit down, enter a car or leave an omnibus, without such exposure as should crimson their cheeks with shame, but which has become so common that it rarely extorts more than a laugh or a look of indifference. Over these immense hoops one thin skirt is often worn, and above this the dress is drawn in such a way that the slightest disarrangement of drapery reveals the "skel-ton" in all its naked deformity. The bell-shape, in its most expansive form, is the style of the new scarlet and "silver"-hooped skirts which are intended to add their show and glitter to the splendor of the coming winter evening toilets. Plainly, and, possibly, not unwillingly, visible they will be in the swift-moving redowas and wild galop; but we doubt if the sight would add to the pleasure with which any man would see his wife or his sister engage in these fascinating exercises.

The apologists for modern morals and manners charge upon our great-grandmothers, whom we are wont to consider models of decorum, a freedom of speech and action greater even than that of their descendants; but we must be excused for doubting such a fact. Certainly, when hooped skirts were worn by our great-grandmothers, they were, in many respects, much less objectionable than now; they were comparatively straight, not so widened out towards the bottom that the least motion would leave the lower part of the person exposed. The dances then in vogue were also of a slow, grave, dignified character, entirely unlike the whisking, whirling, hoydenish

"fast" dances of the present day, which were never intended to be associated with the modern style of hoops, except in circles of the *demi monde*, a species with the characteristics of which we are becoming altogether too well acquainted. Moreover, in those days, the young women, at least, had a chance to preserve their innocence of soul. They did not lead society; they were only occasionally admitted into it. They were taught domestic duties at home; they did not spend one-third of their time on the street, one-third at the looking-glass, and the remainder in close and confidential relations with some one of half a dozen different young men.

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance of their young hearts on any creature bearing the semblance of a man who happens to come in their way; and not only allow but encourage them to display their fine points for his admiration, as if he were selecting slaves for the market or horses for a stud? It is these women, who are prepared to sell their daughters to the highest bidder, who will sacrifice everything to their love of scarlet and gold, that are responsible for the low estimate placed upon their sex, for its comparative uselessness, and more than half its crimes. Some day they will have an account to settle. J. C. C.

REVIEWS.

ATALANTA IN CALYDON.*

A BRAND snatched from the burning by the hands of love, to be by the hands of madness into the burning thrust back and utterly consumed; this was Meleager, child of Althæa, and lover of Atalanta, the virgin huntress of Arcadia. To tell the story, not of Meleager, but of Meleager's doom, is the task which Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne has performed in a poem full of power and of promise, fashioned upon the models of the tragedy of Greece, and dedicated with a noble negligence of popularity to the memory of Walter Savage Landor, "the highest of cotemporary names." Now if one asks, "What's Meleager to us, or we to Meleager?" or calls aloud with the Frenchman, "Who will deliver us from all these Greeks and Romans?" it will not do to answer that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were very great poets, and that the Greek tragedies are as unapproachable in their excellence as the Greek sculpture is. Romanticism has certainly abused the triumph which it won with Coleridge and Byron in England, with Victor Hugo and Cousin and Lamartine in France; but it does not thence by any means necessarily follow that poetic greatness is to be achieved in our day and in English letters by a return to the principles of Greek art. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who has done much good service as a serious critic of cotemporary English literature, may be esteemed, perhaps, to be the English leader of something very like a reaction against the Romanticists, which, having already set in some time ago in France, seems now to be making headway across the Channel, and, of course, will ere long strike us in America also. And it is doing Mr. Swinburne no injustice to suggest that his "Atalanta" might never have seen the light had Mr. Matthew Arnold never published a certain striking critical essay by way of preface to his first acknowledged collection of poems. The disciple, let us hasten here to add, has bettered the instruction of his teacher; for although Mr. Matthew Arnold has written some poems really admirable for their simplicity of structure and their well-defined melody, he has achieved nothing comparable to the "Atalanta in Calydon" as a sustained, well-balanced, and minutely finished work of the poetic art. But neither Mr. Arnold's argumentation nor Mr. Swinburne's vigorous reduction of an æsthetic theory to practical results can be expected to conquer the instinctive aversion of the modern British and British-American mind from classical art. Classical architecture, classical sculpture, classical letters have ever been, and still are, with the race to which we belong, a taste and not a passion. Those precise qualities of the Greek ideal which are the most difficult of attainment by our modern and northern gen-

ius leave the heart of the modern North untouched, Michael Angelo long ago saw the truth in this matter when he somewhat scornfully said of the German and Flemish art of his own day that the people who doted upon it did so because it appealed to their own weak and personal feelings concerning art; and as three hundred years have failed to produce a single artist of the first rank, working on classical principles, north of the Alps, it is idle to question the soundness of Buonarroti's assertion that no great painter of the grand style need ever be looked for out of Italy.

But it by no means follows that the Romantic is incapable of producing great artists. Matthew Arnold criticises very sharply, for example, the departures of Shakespeare from what he very properly lays down as the classic canons of art; but it never occurs to him to ask himself whether there may not be room enough in nature for the insubordinate imagination of Shakespeare as well as for the subordinated imagination of Sophocles; whether Westminster Abbey and the cathedrals of Friburg and Chartres have not their "reasons of being" as sound and valid as the Parthenon. It is not even strictly true that the Greek models in literature—necessarily, we admit, of all arts the most fluent and least amenable to absolute restrictions—are so entirely pure and clean-cut as their admirers proclaim them to be. The episodic and the ephemeral enter far more extensively into the construction, and, as we should doubtless find could we but throw ourselves really back into the world which welcomed them, contributed much more to the charm of the great Greek tragedies than modern critics of the strictly classic temper would have us believe. The "Persæ" is a notorious example of this. We are always asked to believe that for that very reason the "Persæ" was the least successful of the tragedies of Æschylus; which, possibly, may be true. But as there is not the slightest trustworthy evidence extant or attainable to prove it true, we may be excused for considering it as a mere assertion foreign to the purpose, the more particularly that, in such noble compositions as the "Agamemnon" and the "Choephoriæ," we find the author of the "Persæ" playing with his themes as visibly and independently as Shakespeare himself. The magnificent but episodic *Cassandra* is quite as unclassical a figure in the first-named of these two tragedies as *Ken* in "King Lear" and the way in which Æschylus accumulates and dwells upon details, and compels emotion out of trivial incidents and speeches, in dealing with *Orestes*, reminds us not less forcibly of Shakespeare's treatment of the story of *Hamlet* than does the similarity itself of the situations, and even of the characters, of the royal Dane and the son of Clytemnestra. Nay, if we confine ourselves to the most purely classical of the classical poets, there assuredly is nothing more unclassical in the apostrophes to the Virgin Queen which Shakespeare embroiders in letters of moonlight upon his "Midsummer Night's Dream" than in the slap which Sophocles goes out of his way, in so fair and stately a work as the "Antigone," to administer to the Thebans, or than in the "wise saws and modern instances" of *Hæmon*, which made Sophocles, as history tells us, a general.

To return, however, to Mr. Swinburne and his "Atalanta." While we esteem this young poet's choice of a classical model for his first deliberate essay in art to be no decisive proof of a rare and real vocation in letters, it at least shows him to be superior to the charlatanism of popularity-hunting, and is, in so far, a wholesome premonitory symptom of genius. His frankly-uttered love of Landor, too, prepossesses us in his favor. No man has said loftier things in praise of Grecian art and Grecian genius than Walter Savage Landor; but the real secret of his power over such young poets as Mr. Swinburne we take to be his intellectual willfulness and hauteur. The most classical of critics, Landor was one of the least classical of authors, for the "Pentameron," "Pericles and Aspasia," and the "Imaginary Conversations" are neither obedient to, nor do they dictate, any law or rule of utterance whatsoever. But he was a master of our English tongue, and almost touched the verge of affectation himself in his scorn of affectation. To love and be fascinated by such a writer argues in his youthful lover a nature impatient of shams, chivalric in its conceptions of fame, and delicately appreciative of the crowning graces of style at an age when the beau-

* "Atalanta in Calydon. A tragedy." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 113.

té du diable, as well in letters as in life, is commonly supreme.

Open the "Atalanta" and its first lines will confirm in you all these favorable anticipations of the author's quality. They ring upon the ear and fix the mind like the swift preluding of a fiery-fingered master upon the piano-forte or the organ. The land of Calydon is cursed of Diana, made angry by neglect of her altars, with a huge and indomitable wild boar, which has slain many and wasted much increase of the earth. To rid the land of this pest are gathered together all the mighty hunters of Greece, among them Meleager, son of Althæa, and the peerless Atalanta, a virgin, daughter of Iasius the Arcadian. The chief huntsman of Calydon, preparing for the hunt, introduces us at once into the tragedy, invoking Diana and Apollo:

"Maiden, and mistress of the months and stars
Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven,
Goddess whom all gods love with threefold heart,
Being trebled in thy divided deity,
*A light for dead men and dark hours, a foot
Swift on the hills as morning, and a hand
To all things fierce and fleet that roar and range
Mortal, with gentler shafts than snow or sleep ;*
Hear now and help and lift no violent hand,
But favorable and fair as thine eye's beam
Hidden and shown in heaven ; for I all night
Amid the king's hounds and the hunting men
Have wrought and worshipped towards thee ; nor shall man
See goodlier hounds or deadlier edge of spears ;
But for the end, that lies unreach'd at yet
Between the hands and on the knees of gods.
*O fair-faced sun killing the stars and deus
And dreams and desolation of the night !
Rise up, shine, stretch thine hand out, with thy bow
Touch the most dimmest height of trembling heaven,
And burn and break the dark about thy ways,
Shot through and through with arrows ; let thine hair
Lighten as flame above that flameless shell
Which was the moon, and thine eyes fill the world,
And thy lips kindle with swift beams ; let earth
Laugh, and the long sea fery from thy feet
Through all the roar and ripple of streaming springs
And foam in reddening flakes and flying flowers
Shaken from hands and blown from lips of nymphs
Whose hair or breast divides the wandering wave
With salt close tresses cleaving lock to lock,
All gold, or shuddering and unfurrowed snow ;
And all the winds about thee with their wings,
And fountain-heads of all the watered world ;
Each horn of Acheloüs, and the green
Euenus, wedded with the straitening sea.
For in fair time thou comest ; come also thou,
Twin-born with him, and virgin, Artemis,
And give our spears their spoil, the wild boar's hide,
Sent in thine anger against us for sin done
And bloodless altars without wine or fire.
Him now consume thou ; for thy sacrifice
With sanguine-shining steam divides the dawn,
And one, the maiden rose of all thy maids,
Arcadian Atalanta, snowy-souled,
Fair as the snow and footed as the wind,
From Ladon and well-wooded Menalus
Over the firm hills and the fleeting sea
Hast thou drawn hither, and many an arm'd king,
Heroes, the crown of men, like gods in fight."*

Plainly, there is a place in the world for the young English poet who can thus set himself to the music of blank verse without borrowing a note or a modulation from that great living English master of blank verse whom he has visibly studied with the closest possible attention. Observe, too, the syntactical skill with which the sounding lines of these intricate and surcharged sentences are constructed ; for it marks the whole poem, is of classical merits not the least rare or admirable, and when mastered, as in this instance, by a poet of fine and susceptible ear, affords us one of the surest of all possible prognostics of true poetic success and eminence.

The prayer of the huntsman closes with a line like the last swingings of a bell into silence ; a line which lifts the succeeding outburst of the first chorus full and suddenly upon the ear with an extraordinary power of antiphonal effect. We pray the reader to test this passage vocally :

" — me the time
Divides from these things ; whom do thou not less
Help and give honor, and to mine hounds good speed,
And edge to spears, and luck to each man's hand.

CHORUS.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lip of leaves and ripple of rain ;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might ;

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet ;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling ?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player ;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins ;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins ;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Maenad and the Bassarid ;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes ;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs ;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

Classical or romantic, is not this poetry, and poetry of a very high order ? It bubbles with musical life, indefinite, intense ; and passes at once into that category of symphonic speech to which belong certain such poems as the songs and semi-choruses in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and the songs in Tennyson's "Princess ;" poems in which the syllabic forms of language melt into the annotated forms of music ; and thought and feeling run together into one. It is difficult to express in English the charm of such compositions. The genius of our race as well as of our tongue abhors effusion as the utterance of emotion. We think Goethe's Bettine, and Seraphael in the novel of "Charles Auchester," ridiculous, not because we do not comprehend the extremest intensities of æsthetic enjoyment, but because we perceive that such intensities defy analysis, and are, therefore, unsusceptible of record or expression.

To the chorus thus singing, enters Althæa, oppressed with forebodings, till her

"Speech flickers like a blown-out flame ;"

and in a conversation between herself and them sets forth the argument of the past and future of the tragedy ; the overhanging wrath of the gods that

"Mock us with a little piteousness,
And we say prayers and weep ; but at the last,
Sparing awhile, they smite and spare no whit ;"

and the impending passion of love for Atalanta, whereby Meleager shall be flower-led into his fate—

"Love, a thwart sea-wind full of rain and foam ;"

a finer line, by the way, though uttering a kindred thought, than Matthew Arnold's

"Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea,"

which was evidently in Mr. Swinburne's mind, since it reappears more plainly in a subsequent verse,

" — my tears fill my breast
And speck the fair-dyed pillows round the king
With barren showers and saltier than the sea."

The chorus remonstrate with Althæa in behalf of Atalanta as a maiden

" — holier than all holy days or things,
The sprinkled water or fume of perfect fire
Chaste, dedicated to pure prayers and filled
With higher thoughts than heaven ;"

but the heart-vexed queen repels all comfort, moved beyond measure in her soul to think,

" — that for wise men as for fools
Love is one thing, an evil thing, and turns
Choice words and wisdom into fire and air,
And in the end shall no joy come but grief,
Sharp words and soul's division and fresh tears
Flower-wise upon the old root of tears brought forth,

Fruit-wise upon the old flower of tears sprung up,
Pitiful sighs, and much regrafted pain.

These things are in my presage, and myself
Am part of them and know not ; but in dreams
The gods are heavy on me, and all the fates
Shed fire across my eyelids mixed with night,
And burn me blind, and disilluminate
My sense of seeing, and my perspicuous soul
Darken with vision ; seeing I see not, hear
And hearing am not holpen, but mine eyes
Stain many tender broideries in the bed
Drawn up about my face that I may weep
And the king wake not ; and my brows and lips
Tremble and sob in sleeping, like swift flames
That tremble, or water when it sobs with heat
Kindled from under ; and my tears fill my breast
And speck the fair-dyed pillows round the king
With barren showers and saltier than the sea,
Such dreams divide me dreaming ; for long since
I dreamed that out of this my womb had sprung
Fire and firebrand ; this was ere my son,
Meleager, a goodly flower in fields of fight,
Felt the light touch him coming forth, and wailed
Childlike ; but yet he was not ; and in time
I bare him, and my heart was great ; for yet
So royally was never strong man born,
Nor queen so nobly bore as noble a thing
As this my son was ; such a birth God sent
And such a grace to bear it. Then came in
Three weaving women, and span each a thread,
Saying This for strength and That for luck, and one
Saying Till the brand upon the hearth burn down,
So long shall this man see good days and live.
And I with gathered raiment from the bed
Sprang, and drew forth the brand, and cast on it
Water, and trod the flame barefoot, and crushed
With naked hand spark beaten out of spark
And blew against and quenched it ; for I said,
These are the most high Fates that dwell with us,
And we find favor a little in their sight,
A little, and more we miss of, and much time
Folds us ; howbeit they have pitied me, O son,
And thee most piteous, thee a tenderer thing
Than any flower of fleshly seed alive.
Wherefore I kissed and hid him with my hands,
And covered under arms and hair, and wept,
And feared to touch him with my tears, and laughed ;
So light a thing was this man, grown so great
Men cast their heads back, seeing against the sun
Blaze the armed man career on his shield, and hear
The laughter of little bells along the brace
Ring, as birds singing or flutes blown, and watch,
High up, the cloven shadow of either plume
Divide the bright light of the brass, and make
His helmet as a windy and wintering moon.
Seen through blown cloud and plume-like drift, when ships
Drive, and men strive with all the sea, and oars
Break, and the beaks dip under, drinking death ;
Yet was he then but a span long, and moaned
With inarticulate mouth inseparable words,
And with blind lips and fingers wrung my breast
Hard, and thrust out with foolish hands and feet,
Murmuring ; but those gray women with bound hair
Who fright the gods frightened not him ; he laughed
Seeing them, and pushed out hands to feel and haul
Distaff and thread, intangible ; but they
Passed, and I hid the brand, and in my heart
Laughed likewise, having all my will of heaven.
But now I know not if to left or right
The gods have drawn us hither ; for again
I dreamt, and saw the black brand burst on fire
As a branch bursts in flower, and saw the flame
Fade flower-wise, and Death came and with dry lips
Blew the charred ash into my breast ; and Love
Trampled the ember and crushed it with swift feet.
This I have also at heart ; that not for me,
Not for me only or son of mine, O girls,
The gods have wrought life, and desire of life,
Heart's love and heart's division ; but for all
There shines one sun and one wind blows till night."

The last lines which we have italicized in this extract, beautiful as they are, would have shown as strange in a Greek play as a steam-engine in the Piræus ; and our classical young poet, warming in his theme to show with Mycerinus how all our life is but

"Lost labor when the circumambient gloom
But hides, if gods at all, gods careless of our doom,"

grows utterly modern, and pathetic with a scriptural power of phrase in the next noble outburst of the impressionable chorus :

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears ;
Grief, with a glass that ran ;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
Summer, with flowers that fell ;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell ;
Strength without hands to smite ;
Love that endures for a breath ;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

"And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years ;
And froth and drift of the sea ;
And dust of the laboring earth ;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth ;

And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

"From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travellèth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep."

As these solemn lines, presaging doom, die away
upon the ear, Meleager enters, joyous in the splendor
and prime of his strength, hailing the

"Sweet new heaven and air without a star."

Simple and obvious as this effect of contrast in art
it, it never fails of its power and its pathos, whether
it be in painting, as in Giorgione's marvelous picture
of the youth crowned with vine-leaves and over-
shadowed by the assassin's hand; or in music, as
where the king in the opera of "Rigoletto" saunters
jauntily off from the house of murder singing "*la
donna e mobile*."

Meleager now recites to his mother, Althæa, the
names, and merits, and origin of the different princes
and men of valor gathering to the hunt of the boar,
and so gradually rises with her to discourse of the things
which bear directly on his own fate and hers. To
them, thus divided by discussion, King Ceneus comes
to judge between them,

Full of past days and wise from years endured."

King Ceneus thus addresses the mother and the
son:

"Nor thee I praise, who art fain to undo things done:
Nor thee, who art swift to esteem them overmuch.
For what the hours have given is given, and this
Changeless; howbeit these change, and in good time
Devise new things and good, not one thing still.
Us have they sent now at our need for help
Among men armed a woman, foreign born,
Virgin, not like the natural flower of things
That grows and bears and brings forth fruit and dies;
Unlovable, no light for a husband's house,
Espoused; a glory among unwedded girls,
And chosen of gods who reverence maidenhood.
These too we honor in honoring her; but thou,
Abstain thy feet from following, and thine eyes
From amorous touch; nor set toward hers thine heart,
Son, lest hate bear no deadlier fruit than love."

To which Althæa makes answer:

"O king, thou art wise, but wisdom halts; and just,
But the gods love not justice more than fate,
And smite the righteous and the violent mouth,
And mix with insolent blood the reverent man's,
And bruise the holier as the lying lips.
Enough; for wise words fail me, and my heart
Takes fire and trembles flame-wise, O my son,
O child, for thine head's sake; mine eyes wax thick,
Turning toward thee, so goodly a weaponed man,
So glorious; and for love of thine own eyes
They are darkened, and tears burn them, fierce as fire,
And my lips pause and my soul sinks with love.
But by thine hand, by thy sweet life and eyes,
By thy great heart and these clasped knees, O son,
I pray thee that thou slay me not with thee.
For there was never a mother woman-born
Loved her sons better; and never a queen of men
More perfect in her heart toward whom she loved.
For what lies light on many and they forget,
Small things and transitory as a wind o' the sea,
I forget never; I have seen thee all thine years
A man in arms, strong and a joy to men
Seeing thine head glitter and thine hand burn its way
Through a heavy and iron furrow of sundering spears;
But always also a flower of three suns old,
The small one thing that lying drew down my life
To lie with thee and feed thee; a child and weak,
Mine, a delight to no man, sweet to me.
Who then sought to thee? who gat help? who knew
If thou wert goodly? nay, no man at all.
Or what sea saw thee, or sounded with thine oar,
Child? or what strange land shone with war through
thee?
But fair for me thou wert, O little life,
Fruitless, the fruit of mine own flesh, and blind,
More than much gold, ungroven, a foolish flower.
For silver nor bright snow nor feather of foam
Was whiter, and no gold yellower than thine hair,

O child, my child; and now thou art lordlier grown,
Not lovelier, nor a new thing in mine eyes,
I charge thee by thy soul and this my breast,
Fear thou the gods and me and thine own heart,
Lest all these turn against thee; for who knows
What wind upon what wave of altering time
Shall speak a storm and blow calamity?
And there is nothing stable in the world
But the gods break it; yet not less, fair son,
If but one thing be stronger, if one endure,
Surely the bitter and the rooted love
That burns between us, going from me to thee,
Shall more endure than all things. What dost thou,
Following strange loves? why wilt thou kill mine heart?
Lo, I talk wild and windy words, and fall
From my clear wits, and seem of mine own self
Dethroned, dispraised, dissected; and my mind,
That was my crown, breaks, and mine heart is gone,
And I am naked of my soul, and stand
Ashamed, as a mean woman; take thou thought:
Live if thou wilt, and if thou wilt not, look,
The gods have given thee life to lose or keep,
Thou shalt not die as men die, but thine end
Fallen upon thee shall break me unaware."

But his doom is upon him, and Meleager must
move on to it, smitten of Venus Aphrodite, Venus the
terrible, whom the chorus now apostrophize in an
ode of extraordinary beauty, from which, mindful of
our waning space, we can only make such extracts as
these:

"What hadst thou to do being born,
Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
Aphrodite, a mother of strife:
For before thee some rest was on earth,
A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life;
For life was not then as thou art,
But as one that waxeth in years
Sweet-spoken, a fruitful wife;
Earth had no thorn, and desire
To sting, neither death any dart;
What hadst thou to do among these,
Thou, clothed with a burning fire,
Thou, girt with sorrow of heart,
Thou, sprung of the seed of the seas
As an ear from a seed of corn,
As a brand plucked forth of a pyre,
As a ray shed forth of the morn,
For division of soul and disease,
For a dart and a sting and a thorn?
What ailed thee then to be born?
Was there not evil enough,
Mother, and anguish on earth
Born with a man at his birth,
Wastes underfoot, and above
Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof,
Wrecks from afar overseas
And peril of shallow and firch,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,
That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?
"Thou shouldst not so have been born:
But death should have risen with thee,
Mother, and visible fear,
Grief, and the wringing of hands,
And noise of many that mourn;
The smitten bosom, the knee
Bowed, and in each man's ear
A cry as of perishing lands,
A moan as of people in prison,
A tumult of infinite griefs;
And thunder of storms on the sands,
And wailing of wives on the shore;
And under thee newly arisen
Loud shoals and shipwrecking reefs,
Fierce air and violent light;
Sail rent and sundering oar,
Darkness, and noises of night;
Clashing of streams in the sea,
Wave against wave as a sword,
Clamor of currents, and foam;
Rains making ruin on earth,
Winds that wax ravenous and roam
As wolves in a wolfish horde;
Fruits growing faint in the tree,
And blind things dead in their birth;
Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

And again:

"For against all men from of old
Thou hast set thine hand as a curse,
And cast out gods from their places.
These things are spoken of thee.
Strong kings and goodly with gold
Thou hast found out arrows to pierce,
And made their kingdoms and races
As dust and surf of the sea.
All these, overburdened with woes
And with length of their days waxen weak,
Thou slewest; and sentest moreover
Upon Tyro an evil thing,
Rent hair and a fetter and blows
Making bloody the flower of the cheek,
Though she lay by a god as a lover,
Though fair, and the seed of a king.

For of old, being full of thy fire,
She endured not longer to wear
On her bosom a saffron vest,
On her shoulder an ashwood quiver;
Being mixed and made one through desire,
With Ceneus, and all her hair
Made moist with his mouth, and her breast
Filled full of the foam of the river."

This imprecation of Venus is followed by the ap-
pearance of Atalanta herself, who, with pure lips,
salutes

"Heaven and the face of all the gods and dawn
Filling with maiden flames and maiden flowers
The starless fold o' the stars, and making sweet
The warm heights of the air, moon-trodden ways
And breathless gates, and extreme hills of heaven."

Meleager addressing this fair maid with favorable
and reverent words, his uncles, the brothers of Althæa,
Plexippus and Toxeus, take him bitterly up, and bid
him go home, since

"—a man grown girl
Is worth a woman weaponed."

A sharp "exchange of views" next ensues, evolving
much pertinent speech of the laws and limits of fe-
male life, and finally moving Atalanta herself to ex-
claim:

"I am not mighty-minded, nor desire
Crowns, nor the spoil of slain things nor the fame;
Feed ye on these, eat and wax fat; cry out,
Laugh, having eaten, and leap without a lyre
Sing, mix the wind with clamor, smite and shake
Sonorous timbrels and tumultuous hair,
And fill the dance up with tempestuous feet,
For I will none; but having prayed my prayers
And made thank-offering for prosperities,
I shall go hence and no man see me more.
What thing is this for you to shout me down,
What for a man to grudge me this my life
As it were envious of all yours, and I
A thief of reputations? nay, for now,
If there be any highest in heaven, a god
Above all thrones and thunders of the gods
Throned, and the wheel of the world roll under him,
Judge he between me and all of you, and see
If I transgress at all: but ye refrain
Transgressing hands and reckless mouths, and keep
Silence, lest by much foam of violent words
And proper poison of your lips ye die."

King Ceneus hereupon interposes and appeases the
controversy, leaving the chorus to comment upon the
power and the perils of that unruly member the
tongue, upon the endlessness and aimlessness of hu-
man sorrow, and upon the selfishness of the gods,
who

"—very subtly fashion
Madness with sadness upon earth:
Not knowing, in any wise, compassion
Nor holding pity of any worth."

In this chorus are set forth, with extreme vigor and
beauty of phrase, the darkest problems which taxed
the intellect of antiquity and induce the faith of
Christendom. The least classical are by no means
the least beautiful passages of this strain, as, for ex-
ample, these lines, in which Mr. Swinburne shows, as
he does in many other parts of his poem, a singular
command of, and a fine felicity in using, the phras-
eology of the English Scriptures:

"What shall be done with all these tears of ours?
Shall they make watersprings in the fair heaven
To bathe the brows of morning? or like flowers
Be shed and shine before the starriest hours,
Or made the raiment of the weeping Seven?
Or rather, O our masters, shall they be
Food for the famine of the grievous sea,
A great well-head of lamentation
Satiating the sad gods? or fall and flow
Among the years and seasons to and fro,
And wash their feet with tribulation
And fill them full with grieving ere they go?
Alas, our lords, and yet alas again,
Seeing all your iron heaven is gilt as gold
But all we smite thereat in vain;
Smite the gates barred with groanings manifold,
But all the floors are paven with our pain.
Yea, and with weariness of lips and eyes,
With breaking of the bosom, and with sighs,
We labor, and are clad and fed with grief
And filled with days we would not fain behold
And nights we would not hear of; we wax old,
All we wax old and wither like a leaf.
We are outcast, strayed between bright sun and moon;
Our light and darkness are as leaves of flowers,
Black flowers and white, that perish; and the noon
As midnight, and the night as daylight hours.
A little fruit a little while is ours,
And the worm finds it soon."

We now approach the crisis of the tragedy. Al-
thæa hears

"Within the house a cry of news,"

and comes forth to meet the herald of the king re-

turning from the hunt and from the slaying of the boar.

Like the messenger in the "Seven against Thebes" the herald first announces all the good tidings that he has to give. We hear the story of the prowess of Arcadian Atalanta, of the death of Eurytus and Anceus, and of the final triumph of Meleager by whom at last,

"— deeply smitten, and to death
The heavy horror with his hanging shafts
Leapt, and fell furiously, and from raging lips
Foamed out the latest wrath of all his life."

Althea, upon hearing these things, gravely, as one overborne with somewhat yet unrevealed, but inevitable, lauds the gods, and the chorus praise, in a new and animated measure, Artemis-Diana,

"Flower, the whitest of all things,
With reluctant lengthening tresses,
And with sudden splendid breast
Save of maidens unbeholden."

But the herald soon bids them shift their song; and Althea, re-entering, meets her two brethren,

"— borne on branches and the face
Covered."

The messenger relates to her how, for Atalanta's sake, insulted by them, Meleager had slain his uncles.

Herewith the tragedy culminates; the action moves on swiftly to the close, through exquisitely uttered lapses of passion and cries of pain, the madness of the mother made brotherless by her own son's hand, and the pity of the chorus, climbing up, interlacing, in fugues of verse, now fiery, now full of tears, till the chorus rise to their magnificent invocation of Fate, the unappeasable source of so much woe:

"Not as with sundering of the earth
Nor as with cleaving of the sea
Nor fierce foreshadowings of a birth
Nor flying dreams of death to be
Nor loosening of the large world's girth
And quickening of the body of night,
And sound of thunder in men's ears
And fire of lightning in men's sight,
Fate, mother of desires and fears,
Bore unto men the law of tears;

But sudden, an unfathered flame,
And broken out of night, she shone,
She, without body, without name,
In days forgotten and foregone;
And heaven rang round her as she came
Like smitten cymbals, and lay bare;
Clouds and great stars, thunders and snows,
The blue sad fields and folds of air,
The life that breathes, the life that grows,
All wind, all fire, that burns or blows,
Even all these know her; for she is great;
The daughter of doom, the mother of death,
The sister of sorrow; a lifelong weight
That no man's finger lighteneth,
Nor any god can lighten fate;
A landmark seen across the way
Where one race trends as the other trod;
An evil scepter, an evil stay,
Wrought for a staff, wrought for a rod,
The bitter jealousy of God,
For death is deep as the sea,
And fate as the waves thereof,
Shall the waves take pity on thee
Or the south-wind offer thee love?
Wilt thou take the night for thy day
Or the darkness for light on thy way
Till thou say in thine heart, Enough?
Behold, thou art over fair, thou art over wise;
The sweetness of spring in thine hair, and the light in
thine eyes.
The light of the spring in thine eyes, and the sound in
thine ears;
Yet thine heart shall wax heavy with sighs and thine eye-
lids with tears.
Wilt thou cover thine hair with gold, and with silver thy
feet?
Hast thou taken the purple to fold thee, and made thy
mouth sweet?
Behold, when thy face is made bare, he that loved thee
shall hate;
Thy face shall be no more fair at the fall of thy fate.
For thy life shall fall as a leaf and be shed as the rain;
And the veil of thine head shall be grief; and the crown
shall be pain.

The vengeance of Althea is accomplished; the wretched queen withdraws with her curse upon her from our sight; the chorus and messengers intone to us the story of the slow wasting of Meleager as the brand of his life burns out, and bewail

"—the feast turned funeral and the crowns
Fallen; and the huntress and the hunter trapped;
And weeping and changed faces and veiled hair."
At the last, the dying prince is brought upon the stage; Atalanta, coming, bends over him—

"Atalanta, the pure among women, whose name is as
blessing to speak;"

and Ceneus also appearing, Meleager passes away, recognizing Fate as the author of his death, and turning with dying eyes to his hapless mother—

"—this law,
This only slays me, and not my mother at all.
And let no brother or sister grieve too sore,
Nor melt their hearts out on me with their tears,
Since extreme love and sorrowing overmuch
Vex the great gods, and overloving men
Slay and are slain for love's sake; and this house
Shall bear much better children; why should these
Weep? but in patience let them live their lives
And mine pass by forgotten; thou alone,
Mother, thou sole and only, thou, not these,
Keep me in mind a little when I die
Because I was thy first-born; let thy soul
Pity me, pity even me gone hence and dead,
Though thou wert wroth, and though thou bear again
Much happier sons, and all men later born
Exceedingly excel me; yet do thou
Forget not, nor think shame; I was thy son.

Our sketch of this remarkable poem, light and rapid as it necessarily is, will suffice, we hope, to show that "Atalanta in Calydon" is no pale reflection of ideas and an emotional life long since modified by a new civilization, but a serious and a singularly successful attempt to treat an absolutely classical subject with a persistent though never obtruded reference to our actual modern apprehension of the relationships involved and the feelings evoked in the drama. Strictly Greek in point of construction and philosophy, the poem is entirely modern in point of sentiment. We need not refer to the scandalous sketch which antiquity has left us of the chamber of Tiberius Cæsar to be satisfied that no Greek or Roman ever conceived of such a Meleager and such an Atalanta as Mr. Swinburne has shadowed forth to us. But that does not matter. The ancients themselves took all manner of liberties with the types of their mythology; the Electra of Euripides is not the Electra of Sophocles, and given the story of "Atalanta," Mr. Swinburne may fairly claim that he has classic precedents for enduing Atalanta herself with enough of romantic life to make her interesting in our sight.

In doing this he has put forth, we repeat, rare signs of true poetic genius. There is no such decisive test of a poetical vocation as originality of melody in versification, and the music of Mr. Swinburne's metres is entirely his own. The English journals inform us that he has already completed a new poem upon a modern theme; and it is only fairly due to a young poet whose first work is of such a genuine mintage as the "Atalanta in Calydon" that we should hold himself to be of more value than his poem, and defer attempting any exhaustive analysis of the special qualities which he indicates in "Atalanta" until he shall have developed them more fully, and thrown them into a richer and more adequate variety of results.

Mr. Swinburne, as we have said, dedicates his poem to Walter Savage Landor, reciting the reasons of his love for that splendid but wayward master in two charming copies of Greek verses, which are prefixed to the English, and reproduced in the American, edition of the "Atalanta." These verses are not merely good as Greek; they are good enough to have been put into English by their author. The first of the two, addressed to Landor while still living, on his return from England to Italy, we will lay before the reader in our own words as vouching for this assertion. The second and longer poem, a threnody evoked by the death of Landor at Florence, our space, unhappily, forbids us to give. The Boston publishers, who have done for Mr. Swinburne all that clear type and luxurious paper could do, might have had grace enough, it strikes us, since in the "American Athens" the Greek can hardly have been lacking, to save their readers the trouble of translating his introductory lines:

"Thou from the North returnest, heralded
By summer airs; and over summer seas
By sweetest breathing nymphs divinely led,
Teaching thee songs of mystic charm to please
Poseidon's self; that never angry wind
Nor angry wave may harm thee. Such thy skill.
But we, thy friends, left sadly here behind,
With straining eyes desire thee, longing still!
The Sacred Nine, meanwhile, are whispering, 'Lo!
At last he comes! best loved of mortals! now
With laurels green to bind his brows of snow
And pluck new fruits from off an ancient bough.
Or from the oaten pipe, or from the strings
His aged hands will summon new delight:
In many moods the various master sings.
Him oft Apollo, on some breezy height

Stretched at his length upon the fragrant ground
And lulled in dreams beneath the sounding trees
Hath come upon; and, finding him, hath crowned
With springing blooms, and filled with melodies!
Pan he hath sung; the unforgetting Pine;
The ill-omened bird; the Hamadryad fair
Loved by a mortal; and beneath the brine
Cymodameia, soothed in chambers rare
Of 'gravely glad some light'; the martyr-child
Of Agamemnon; and the implacable wrath
Hunting the mad Orestes, blood defiled,
To sacred Delphos on a haunted path!"

Whoever agrees with us in our estimate of Mr. Swinburne's poetical merits, will, no doubt, be glad to learn that he is still a very young man, not having yet attained his thirtieth year, and that a goodly heritage assures him all needful leisure for the ripening of his natural gifts. He is the eldest son of Rear-Admiral Swinburne, R. N., and comes of a very ancient and honorable family, settled for more than six centuries in Northumberland. The name was first made known to bibliography by Henry Swinburne in his "Travels through Sicily and Spain," during the last century. Mr. Algernon Swinburne's mother is a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, the head of that great Saxon house, which, even in Fuller's time, was looked upon as "of stupendous antiquity," and the lineal representative of Bertram Ashburnham, that stout baron of Kent, who, being constable of Dover Castle at the time of the Norman invasion, withstood "Willelmus Conquestor" with such might, and valor, and pertinacity that the magnanimous bastard, upon overcoming him, thought it best incontinently to chop off his head.

Oddly enough, the hereditary crest of the Swinburnes is a "demi-boar rampant," which ancient bearing of his house the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" now bids fair to enrich with a wreath of bays.

W. H. H.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

The "Atlantic Monthly" for November opens with a ghost story by Robert Dale Owen, entitled "Why the Putkammer Castle was Destroyed." The story reads like one of Edgar A. Poe's fictions, but it is evidently designed to shadow forth Mr. Owen's views on spiritualism quite as much as to interest the reader. A most charming article is that on "The Visible and Invisible in Libraries," by Mrs. R. C. Waterston, and written in a most agreeable style. C. P. Hawes's "Letter to a Young Housekeeper" is commonplace enough. Whittier contributes a short poem, "The Peace Autumn," which is appropriate and quite in the old vein of the Quaker poet, who, it may be presumed, sings of peace with more earnestness than of war. The sketch of Rodolph Töpffer, the Swiss caricaturist, by H. M. Fletcher, contains much information about this celebrated artist that is interesting as well as fresh. The egotism in writing the sketch of Jeremy Bentham, by John Neal, surpasses anything that we have read in a long time. Mr. Neal goes out of the way to introduce extracts of an article of his in "Blackwood," and unblushingly quotes a few commendatory words upon it written by Christopher North at the time of its publication, and is at pains to inform the readers of the "Atlantic" that he left Jeremy Bentham's house on account of a quarrel with the old housekeeper and the mutilation of an article that he wrote for the "Westminster Review." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes a doggerel dubbed "A Farewell to Agassiz," which, though spirited and well suited to be read at the festive board, is sadly out of place in a literary periodical. "Alexander Hamilton," by C. C. Hazewell, is a pugnacious defense of that great statesman and a pertinent illustration of the tendency to centralization of power in these days. The other articles in the magazine are as follows: "The Rhyme of the Master's Mate," a poem; "Dr. Johns," by Donald G. Mitchell; "The Chimney Corner," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; "The Forge," "The Progress of the Electric Telegraph," by George B. Prescott; and "The Field of Gettysburg," by J. T. Trowbridge.

We notice with surprise that the publishers announce that, with the next issue of the magazine, will commence a new story by Charles Reade. The "Atlantic" has justly prided itself upon aiming to be one of the leading exponents of American current litera-

ture, and, thus far, has relied upon American writers exclusively for material for its pages. But why this change? Is it true that we have no good writers here, but must go to Great Britain for them? Or is the American public so wedded to English literature that it will not support a magazine that prints only the writings of American authors? These questions are pertinent, and it behooves every lover of the literature of this country to give them careful consideration. If the publishers of the "Atlantic" have decided to make a merely popular periodical of it, and to appeal to a lower order of taste, very well. Let the fact be known. But if they have found that either America has not good writers enough to supply their magazine with articles, or the American public discards native authors for those of foreign birth, then it time that this people set themselves to thinking. We believe that this country has a literature of its own as marked and as worthy as that of any other nation of the same age; we believe, further, that such a literature will be well supported by the people, and we regret that the "Atlantic" has lowered its flag, which it has borne aloft so long and so well, and hoisted over it the red cross of St. George.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

MR. G. W. CARLETON will soon add to the list of attractive holiday books a *brochure*, in verse, written by Mr. H. T. Sperry, and entitled "Country Love and City Flirtations." The specialty of this volume will be the illustrations, of which there are twenty, made from original designs by Mr. Augustus Hoppin, who seems for once to have succeeded in escaping his most marked mannerisms. Not that he does not remind us of himself as we first knew him in "Nothing to Wear," but that he shows a wider artistic sympathy than he then possessed, more variety in his figures, and a general breadth of treatment. These designs are by all odds the finest things that Mr. Hoppin has yet done, and ought to place him among the very best modern book-illustrators.

It is proposed by her admirers to erect a monument to the late Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney in Hartford, where she died, at the commencement of the past summer. The following gentlemen of that city are ready to receive subscriptions for the purpose: the Rev. George H. Clark, rector of Christ Church; the Hon. E. Flower, and Mr. F. A. Brown, of the firm of Brown & Gross, publishers.

Of all the publications occasioned by the assassination of President Lincoln, we have seen nothing so handsome as a quarto entitled "Lincolnianna," of which Mr. William V. Spencer has just published a limited edition of two hundred and fifty copies, sold only by subscription, at four dollars per copy. It contains eighteen sermons, selected from the multitude preached in all parts of the country, and twenty eulogies, speeches, and letters from eminent men the world over. To show the extent of the Lincoln literature, we may mention that the bibliographical list of the compiler, which is not offered as a complete one, but only as containing the works that are in his own possession, gives two hundred and thirty different titles, mostly of sermons, with now and then a review article, or a poem in pamphlet form.

That a new and great poet has lately appeared in England in the person of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, we remarked a few weeks since in a brief mention of his first work, "Atalanta in Calydon," of which we present elsewhere, this week, an elaborate review. High as was the opinion which we then expressed of his genius, it has been raised still higher by his second volume, "Chastelard: A Tragedy," which is soon to be republished in this country, and which is destined to make a sensation. Who the hero, Chastelard, was, those who are familiar with the biographies of Mary, Queen of Scots, need not be told; for the general reader we leave him to find out for himself, commending to his attention, when it shall appear, Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, which is as remarkable from a dramatic as it is beautiful from a poetic point of view. The character of Mary Stuart, so maligned by her enemies and so be-praised by her partisans, and equally misunderstood by both, is admirably drawn. To embody its conception as it existed in Mr. Swinburne's mind must have been a very difficult task—as difficult, in one sense, as the embodiment of Cleopatra in another, both these famous queens being the riddles of their sex and time—as changeable as passionate, now heartfelt and now heartless, sirens, witches—beautiful, unconscious demons. Of this, however, and other matters

of critical import, hereafter; enough for this week the following extracts from "Chastelard." The speakers are Chastelard himself and one of the queen's "four Maries," Mary Beaton, who is in love with Chastelard, whom she has induced to visit her in her own chamber at night, under the pretence that her royal mistress will give him an interview. Chastelard being first at the rendezvous, soliloquizes thus:

I am not certain yet she will not come;
For I can feel her hand's heat still in mine,
Past doubting of, and see her brows half drawn,
And half a light in the eyes. If she come not,
I am no worse than he that dies to-night.
This two years' patience gets an end at least.
Whichever way, I am well done with it.
How hard the thin sweet moon is, split and laced
And latticed over, just a stray of it
Catching and clinging at a slip of wall,
Hardly a hand's breadth. Did she turn indeed
In going out? not to catch up her gown
The page let slip, but to keep sight of me?
There was a soft small stir beneath her eyes
Hard to put on, a quivering of her blood
That knew of the old nights watched out wakefully,
Those measures of her dancing, too, were changed—
More swift and with more eager steps at whiles,
And rapid pauses when breath failed her lips.

Enter MARY BEATON.

O, she is come: if you be she indeed,
Let me but hold your hand; what, no word yet?
You turn and kiss me without word; O, sweet,
If you will slay me be not over quick,
Kill me with some slow heavy kiss that plucks
The heart out at the lips. Alas! sweet love,
Give me some sweet old word to kiss away.
Is it a jest? for I can feel your hair
Touch me—I may embrace your body, too?
I know you well enough without sweet words.
How should one make you speak? This is not she.
Come in the light; nay, let me see your eyes.
Ah, you it is! What have I done to you?
And do you look now to be slain for this
That you twist back and shudder like one stabbed?

MARY BEATON.

Yea, kill me now and do not look at me:
God knows I meant to die. Sir, for God's love
Kill me now quick ere I go mad with shame.

CHASTELARD.

Cling not upon my wrist: let go the hilt:
Nay, you will bruise your hand with it: stand up:
You shall not have my sword forth.

MARY BEATON.

Kill me now,
I will not rise: there, I am patient, see,
I will not strive, but kill me for God's sake.

CHASTELARD.

Pray you rise up and be not shaken so;
Forgive me my rash words, my heart was gone
After the thing you were: be not ashamed:
Give me the shame: you have no part in it.
Can I not say a word shall do you good?
Forgive that too.

MARY BEATON.

I shall ~~run~~ crazed with shame;
But when I felt your lips catch hold on mine
It stopped my breath: I would have told you all;
Let me go out: you see I lied to you,
And I am shamed: I pray you loose me, sir,
Let me go out.

CHASTELARD.

Think no base things of me:
I were most base to let you go ashamed.
Think my heart's love and honor go with you:
Yea, while I live, for your love's noble sake,
I am your servant in what wise may be,
To love and serve you with right thankful heart.

MARY BEATON.

I have given men leave to mock me, and must bear
What shame they please; you have good cause to mock.
Let me pass now.

CHASTELARD.

You know I mock you not.
If ever I leave off to honor you,
God give me shame! I were the worst churl born.

MARY BEATON.

No marvel though the queen should love you too,
Being such a knight. I pray you for her love,
Lord Chastelard, of your great courtesy,
Think now no scorn to give me my last kiss
That I shall have of man before I die.
Even the same lips you kissed and knew not of
Will you kiss now, knowing the shame of them,
And say no one word to me afterwards,
That I may see I have loved the best lover
And man most courteous of all men alive?

The queen is informed, or rather misinformed, of this midnight adventure of her lover's, between whom and herself there is a fine scene in the second act, from which we make a brief extract. It is Chastelard who is speaking:

I know not how *There is*
Turns to *There hath been*: 'tis a heavier change
Than change of flesh to dust. Yet though years change,
And good things end, and evil things grow great,
The old love that was, or that was dreamed about,
That sang and kissed and wept upon itself,
Laughed and ran mad with love of its own face,
That was a sweet thing.

QUEEN.

Nay, I know not well.
For when the man is held fast underground

They say, forsooth, what manner of heart he had.
We are alive, and cannot well be sure
If we loved much or little; think you not
It were convenient one of us should die?

CHASTELARD.

Madam, your speech is harsh to understand.

QUEEN.

Why, there could come no change then; one of us
Would never need to fear our love might turn
To the sad thing that it may grow to be.
I would sometimes all things were dead asleep
That I have loved, all buried in soft beds
And sealed with dreams and visions, and each dawn
Sung to by sorrows, and all night assuaged
By short sweet kisses and by sweet long loves
For old life's sake, lest weeping overmuch
Should wake them in a strange new time, and arm
Memory's blind hand to kill forgetfulness.

The readers of THE ROUND TABLE may consider themselves fortunate in obtaining even these short extracts from "Chastelard," for we can assure them that not a line of it has yet seen the light in England.

FOREIGN.

The popularity of that clever and yet tiresome book, "Verdant Green," which is now in its nineteenth thousand in England, shows the whimsical nature of public taste, and the accidental character of many a writer's literary reputation. Its author, the Rev. Edward Bradley, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Cuthbert Bede," contributed a few pages of the first portion of the work to the *Illustrated London News*, but it was discontinued in that form and published separately by the proprietors of that journal, Messrs. Ingram, Cooke & Co., as a shilling volume. The second part was also issued in the same form, and sold, we presume, at the same price. The property of Messrs. Cooke being sold at auction, "Verdant Green" was purchased by Mr. James Blackwood, who arranged with Mr. Bradley for a third part, for which he paid him £120. The work, complete as we now have it, was published in the fall of 1856, and became very popular, so much so that 25,000 copies were sold within a few weeks of publication. "If we inquire into the reason for this remarkable success," says the *Bookseller*, from which we learn the above facts, "it is easily told. 'Verdant Green' is the type of every Oxford freshman; the adventures which befell him, the troubles he got into, and the people he met, are all drawn from the life; the very atmosphere of Oxford is photographed. 'Cuthbert Bede' does not moralize, he merely narrates; and in so doing he furnishes a volume interesting in itself, apart from all academic associations. If 'Tom Brown' had followed 'Verdant Green's' example at Oxford, his university career would have been as successful as his 'School Days.'"

The tenth volume of the "Chronicle of Ibn-el-Athir," recently published at Leyden, in the Arabic text, accompanied by a Latin translation, completes parts viii. to xii. of one of the most important contributions which has ever been made to the history of the Mohammedan world in the period which intervenes between the end of the third and the first quarter of the seventh century of the Hegira, that is, from A.D. 907 to A.D. 1231, rendering superfluous, in the opinion of competent critics, many Arabic historical works which are now regarded as authority; for, besides the personal experiences of the author, it contains the results of investigations into numerous chronicles, the originals of which will probably never be found. The friends of Mohammedan literature cannot but congratulate the editor upon the success which has crowned his very arduous labor. The earlier volumes of Ibn-el-Athir, however, although of interest, will not compare in historical value with much that remains unprinted in Arabic; and it is, therefore, to be regretted that the large sums lavished by the government upon the uncritical portions of it were not bestowed in part upon the great work of Attaban, which offers such rich treasures to the student of Oriental history. The present volume of Ibn-el-Athir contains an account of the empire of the Seljuks at the period of its greatest splendor, and a description, exceedingly interesting, of the conflicts of the Mohammedans with the Crusaders from an Eastern point of view. It could hardly have been accidental, perhaps, that the conquest of Palestine by the Franks was cotemporary with the decline of the Seljuk power after the death of Melikschah and his great vizir, Nizam-al-Mulk, for if the control of Asia Minor had been in the hands of a single government, the Franks could hardly have established themselves in Syria. The awful rivers of blood, indeed, through which the pious followers of the Lord of Love rode their horses up to his sepulchre at the taking of Jerusalem sent a shudder through the heart of Islam; but it was in vain that the Arab poets sought in impassioned verse to excite their brethren to vengeance—the conflict was left almost wholly to the more or less independent emirs of the neighboring coun-

tries, and the feeble armies of the Fatimites in Egypt. It may be noticed, however, as a curious fact, that the poets do not call the Crusaders Franks, but give the well known name of the ancient Christian enemies of Islam, viz., *Rûm*, that is, Romans, Byzantines. The Crusades, moreover, it is a striking fact, first made clear in the present work, created much less excitement in Europe than they did in the Mohammedan countries, of which, after all, but so very small a part was ever conquered. Upon that singular sect of the Mohammedans known as the Assassins—whence our word *assassins*—who regarded all those as deadly enemies that did not share their extravagant notions of the sacredness of the Imams, and from their rocky eyries in the Lebanon descended to slay Moslem as well as Frank, the present part of the work of Ibn-el-Athir will be found to throw a good deal of light. Universally looked upon as the enemies of the human race, they met with no mercy at the hands of either of the contending parties. The Druses, also, still one of the most mysterious races that divide the Lebanon, the curious traveler will be interested to know, were found in their present seats as early as A.D. 1129.

The "Life of Field-Marshal Count Neithardt von Gneisenau," by G. H. Pertz, of which the first volume, covering the years 1760 to 1810, has recently been published by Reimer, at Berlin, may be regarded as a companion-piece to the author's "Life of Stein." Scharnhorst, Blücher, and Gneisenau were certainly, with Stein, among the most eminent leaders in the great cause of the liberation of Germany at the beginning of the present century, and the present work—availing himself as the author does of the copious documents placed at his disposal by the Gneisenau family, as well as by the late and present King of Prussia—cannot but take rank as one of the indispensable authorities for the proper study and understanding of that sublimest of modern European movements, which gave a nation to the world, which neither in science, nor scholarship, nor art, could the world afford to lose.

Speke's "Journal of the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile" has been translated into German, and the honor is freely given to him and Grant of having solved the great geographical problem which has puzzled mankind for so many thousand years, though the book which contains the record of it is received as in many respects unsatisfactory. Speke lacked, indeed, many of the brilliant qualities of Burckhardt, and was wholly unequal in erudition to Niebuhr (the elder), but the fact of his discovery will atone for many defects. To have answered the question which for so many ages the nations, so cultivated and powerful, that dwell along the banks of the Lower Nile, were themselves unable to answer—the question to which Sesostris, and Cambyses, and Alexander could get no reply, which Cæsar said had greater charms even for him than the strifes of Rome—to behold and declare where the Nile hid his head, was an honor of which Speke may well have been proud and well fought many fights, with even a more bitter temper, to defend. To seek the source of the Nile was a proverb among the Romans; but the Nile has now passed, let us hope, with the lands it waters, out of the darkness of ancient fable into the sun-light of modern knowledge. That the Arabs in their wide wanderings had reached the lake Nyanza from Zanzibar can not reasonably be doubted, for there are many scattered notices among Arabic geographers touching the lakes of the Nile; they are laid down, for instance, in a map taken from an Arabian work, which is said to have been published A. D. 833, of which Lelewel gives a copy in his well-known publication, and which represents the Nile as springing from a lake, called Kura Kavar, that stretches across the equator. But, notwithstanding these evidences of a tendency to a right knowledge, Speke may as fairly be said to have discovered the Nile as Columbus discovered America, though the genius of the latter lifts him and his discovery into a far higher plane.

A society of French historical antiquarians, who meet once a month at Metz for the purpose of having a good dinner, and of rehabilitating Joan of Arc, have discovered, they think, that she was not burnt at all, but was married, had children, and died quietly at Metz. By an extract from the *Mercur Galant* of October, 1686, it appears that one Father Vignier, of the Oratory, discovered at Metz, and had copied before a notary public, a manuscript which states that, in 1436, Joan came to Metz, where her two brothers met her and instantly recognized her, though they thought she had been burnt long before. To test her, "lui donna le Sieur Nicolle un cheval, le Sieur Aubert Roule un chaperon, le Sieur Grognet une épée, et ladite pucelle monta sur le cheval très lestement," at the same time telling Nicolle something which proved her identity—to his satisfaction, at least. She marries Mons. des Armoises, chevalier, and Father Vignier is lucky enough, we are told, to find the very marriage contract,

dated 1436. This last circumstance, which does not appear to have awakened a doubt, makes us suspicious of the whole matter as a veritable modern-antique.

A correspondent of the *Reader* unearths a poem of Tom Moore's, or what he remembers of one, in connection with the recently published "Journal" of Miss Berry. "In Miss Berry's 'Journal' (Vol. III., p. 31) is the following entry, dated Saturday, July 9, 1814: 'In the evening at Lady Castlereagh's. At the foot of the staircase we met Blücher, who came with Lord Stuart from Carlton House; and Blücher, being the worse for it, had great difficulty in getting up stairs.' I recollect seeing in MS. some lines by Moore celebrating a convivial meeting at Carlton House, probably this one of Saturday, the 9th July, when Blücher dined with the Prince Regent. The pasquinade began—

'O wine is the thing to make veterans tell
Of their deeds and their triumphs—and punch does as well—
As the Regent and Blücher, that sober old pair,
Fully proved to other night when they supped—you know where; and ended with the words:

'And the Marshal cried "Charge," and the bumpers went round
Till the fat toilet veteran sank on the ground,
And old Blücher triumphantly crowed from his seat
To see one worthy potentate more at his feet!
I have not seen the verses in print. They were probably written for the *Morning Chronicle*."

The most unsparing and merciless of recent critiques upon absolutism in France is a volume by M. Maurice Joly, entitled "Dialogue aux Enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu; ou, la Politique de Machiavel au 19e Siècle." M. Joly is not happy in his form, handling dialogue with but little skill, but he is cruelly good in his satire, as witness this portrait of Napoleon III. in the guise of the subtle Italian:

"*Machiavelli*.—I have only now to indicate to you certain particularities in my mode of acting, certain habits of conduct which shall give its last characteristic trait to my government. In the first place, I mean my designs to be impenetrable, even for those who shall most nearly approach me. . . . I would communicate my projects only to order them to be executed, and I would only give my orders at the last moment. . . . I have the gift of immobility. My end is yonder, I am looking in another direction, and when that end comes within reach I turn suddenly round and dart on my prey before it has had time to utter a cry. You could not believe what *prestige* such a power of dissimulation gives to a man. When it is joined to vigorous action, a superstitious respect surrounds him. His counselors ask one another in a whisper what is about to come out of his head; the people place all their trust in him; he personifies in their eyes the unknown ways of Providence. When they see him pass, they think with involuntary terror of what he might do with a bend of the neck. Neighboring states are always in fear, and overwhelm him with marks of their deference, for they never know if any enterprise already prepared may not be directed against them, from one day to the next. . . . You may have seen in my institutions and in my acts how careful I have always been to create appearances; these are needed in words as in acts. The height of skill consists in making men believe in one's frankness, whilst keeping a *Punic faith*. Not only shall my designs be impenetrable, but my words shall signify almost always the contrary of what they shall seem to indicate. Only the initiated will be able to penetrate the sense of those characteristic sayings which at certain moments I shall let drop from the throne. When I shall say, 'My reign is peace,' it will be war; when I shall say that I appeal to 'moral means,' I shall be about to use forcible ones. You have seen that my press has a hundred voices, that they are all incessantly speaking of the greatness of my reign, of the enthusiasm of my people for their sovereign; that they put at the same time into the mouth of the public the opinions, the ideas, the very formulas which are to inspire its conversations; you have seen, also, that my ministers are untiringly astonishing the public with the incontestable evidences of their labors. As for me, I would rarely speak, once a year only, and here and there on great occasions. And so every one of my manifestations would be received, not only in my kingdom, but in all Europe, as a real event. . . ."

Of course these "Dialogues" were at once suppressed by the police.

PERSONAL.

AMERICAN.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, whose verse has a sinewy strength and a grasp of thought not often found in the metrical writings of women, will soon publish a volume of poems, the larger portion of which has not yet seen

the light. It will include her "War Lyrics," of course and her "Lyrics of the Street," originally contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly," to which, we believe, Mrs. Howe has ceased to contribute; in short, all that she has written in poetry since the publication of her last volume, "Words for the Hour." Her new volume will be published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, of this city, known to those conversant in art matters by his painting of the "Proclamation," or something of the kind, for which the late President Lincoln and his cabinet sat, has written a memorial of that work and the chief character therein, entitled "Six Months at the White House," which will soon be published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton.

Mr. Walter Whitman, better known as Walt Whitman, the author of that singular production, "Leaves of Grass," will soon bring out a second and much smaller work, "Drum Taps," written in the same uncouth and lumbering but strikingly idiomatic style. Messrs. Bunce & Huntington, we believe, are to be its publishers.

Mr. William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, is about to visit the North, with Mr. Robert Bruno, on behalf of the Masonic fraternity of Columbia, to represent to their northern brethren the prostrate condition of the lodges of Columbia, the working implements of which have been nearly all destroyed by the war. We wish Mr. Simms success in his undertaking and a speedy return to the field of letters.

The past week saw the close of a long and laborious literary life in that of Joseph Emerson Worcester, the lexicographer, who died at his residence in Cambridge on Friday, the 27th of October. Born in Bedford, N. H., in 1784, he graduated at Yale College in 1811, after which he taught school for some years in Salem. In 1819 he took up his abode in Cambridge, and devoted himself to literature, and publishing at intervals a number of works, the chief of which are as follows: "Geographical Dictionary and Universal Gazetteer," 1817; "Elements of Geography, Ancient and Modern," 1819; "Epitome of Geography," 1820; "Elements of History," 1823; and "Outlines of Scripture Geography," 1828; the work of his life-time, "Worcester's Dictionary," appeared in 1830, under the title, "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary," and was re-issued under different titles in 1846 and 1855. The "Dictionary of the English Language" appeared in 1860. Besides these works, Dr. Worcester, who had received the degree of LL.D. from Brown University and Dartmouth College, edited an edition of "Johnson's Dictionary."

FOREIGN.

Mr. Charles Reade's powerful novel, "It is Never Too Late to Mend," turned by himself into a play of the same name, was lately the cause of a great row at the Princess's Theater, in London, the whole house being in a tumult over the prison scenes, which were represented with shocking fidelity. The manager, Mr. Vining, was made to appear before the curtain, but he gave the audience little satisfaction and no apology at all, merely stating that he considered Mr. Reade's object, which was to show up the brutal treatment received by prisoners in England, a laudable one. The length of the performance, which is said to have been between five and six hours, may have had something to do with the ill-feeling on both sides. We have known audiences to tire of even two hours of Shakespeare, whose plays are at least as good as those of Mr. Reade, who is really not a dramatist, but a novelist, and a very powerful one, as the readers of "It is Never Too Late to Mend" cannot but remember.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce "Chastelard: a Tragedy," by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Mr. W. V. Spencer has in the press "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte," by John Stuart Mill.

Messrs. Blelock & Co. will publish next week, "De Vane," a novel by Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, late M.C. from Alabama.

The poetical works of the late Adelaide Anne Procter will soon be published, with numerous illustrations by eminent artists, and a portrait by Jeens.

Mrs. Oliphant has a work nearly ready, entitled "Religious Life on the Continent."

Mr. Thomas Watts is soon to publish "Essays on Language."

Miss Amelia B. Edwards is busy with a new novel, "Half a Million of Money."

Mr. Robert Browning has a new poem in the press, the name of which is not stated.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1865.

THE TROUBLE WITH OUR DAILY PAPERS.

WHY do not some of our wealthy capitalists who who are familiar with European journalism, and who have the good name of the metropolis at heart, unite and subscribe a sufficient sum to establish a first-class daily paper in this city? Our so-called leading journals are a discredit to us, as we explained in a former article, and, as they are now managed, the merchants in this city who require all the news have to subscribe for one or more Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans papers. We make the charge boldly, and will prove what we say, that there is not a daily newspaper in New York that is what it should be. This city controls the commerce of a continent, and yet it is a shameful fact that it has not one journal which gives a full and exhaustive summary of the kind of commercial news required by our merchants, and only one that attempts to do it. To supply this want, weekly papers have been established. It is disgraceful that the city of Chicago, with a population of less than two hundred thousand, has three papers each of which gives one-third more reading matter than any single New York journal, and on the editorial and news departments of which probably fifty per cent. more money is expended than is spent by any paper in this city. In the matter of special telegraphic dispatches we are creditably informed that the *Chicago Times*, *Tribune*, and *Republican* spend three times as much as any one daily in this city. The consequence is, that the Chicago papers, so far as relates to the publication of news, are nearer perfect than any in the country. Their commercial news particularly is very full and reliable. New York being the natural headquarters of intelligence from abroad, necessarily is the first to obtain it; yet the foreign news department of our metropolitan dailies is shamefully neglected.

Some of our readers who reside in the country may have noticed that the best weekly papers published in the principal towns in each county are mainly filled with short paragraphs. Unable to print the news in full, the editor, if he has wit and industry enough, condenses the salient features of it as he obtains it from the papers published in the large cities, and gives it in the form of items. This is the kind of paper that is most successful in the rural districts. If these readers will examine the New York dailies, they will notice how they are beginning to copy the models furnished by enterprising country editors. The news comes crowding in from every quarter, which it is found impossible to give with anything like the fullness it deserves, and so it is "boiled down" (to use a journalistic term) into short paragraphs. Hence the origin of the popular column of news summary in the *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Herald*, in which mere mention is made of intelligence that cannot be given in full.

But why is this, the reader may ask? The answer may be found in the existence of the monopoly known as the Associated Press. This association was organized soon after the telegraph began to be employed for the transmission of news, when New York was a much smaller city than it is at present, when newspapers were numerous and struggling for an existence, and before the metropolis controlled the gigantic commerce which has since added so much to its wealth, population, and importance. It is composed of seven newspapers, to wit: the *Journal of Commerce*, *Tribune*, *World*, *Herald*, *Times*, *Express*, and *Sun*. The other

papers purchase the news of this close corporation, and a modicum thereof is furnished by it to the various papers throughout the country. Some time since the Associated Press voted to allow no more papers than those now in the city to have the news, the American Telegraph Company (with which it has contracts) agreeing not to permit any other journal to use its lines. How all this acts injuriously, is very evident. The *New York Sun*, for instance, a small and poor paper, having to share the expense in common with the other members of the association, objects to incurring large bills for telegraphing; the *Journal of Commerce*, also, as it makes a specialty of commercial intelligence, has little concern about general news, and hence, to satisfy these and other less enterprising papers, the Associated Press is compelled to restrict its expenses for telegraphing within much narrower limits than the papers represented in it should do. The rules of the association permit each paper to obtain and print all the special dispatches it may choose; but copies of such dispatches must be sent to every other paper, which latter can print them or not at their option. The only exceptions to this rule are dispatches from Washington and Albany, and in a few special cases, such as the meeting of a national political convention. This explains (what many have often wondered at) how it was that during the late war most all the special dispatches from the field of conflict in the East were transmitted by telegraph from Washington, though oftentimes they might have been sent almost directly from the field of battle. The papers, to avoid sending their competitors special dispatches, instructed their correspondents to send important letters to Washington, whence they were transmitted to this city from the telegraph office at that point. The effect of these restrictions is what might be expected. The enterprise of the various newspapers is balked by a lot of arbitrary rules, a monopoly is established in the conduct of New York journals, and as no competition is feared (each paper occupying a field of its own, either as a party organ or as the medium for the publication of some particular kind of news), the papers make no effort towards improvement.

Another objectionable feature of the Associated Press is, that it binds itself to use the lines of the American Telegraph Company to the exclusion of all others. This, of course, gives the said company a monopoly of a very valuable kind of business, but it is likely to be soon broken down by the expiration of the Morse patent which it secured years since. Any company can now start a telegraph line. Already the United States Company is extending its lines in every direction, and there is little doubt but that within a few years the public will have the choice of half-a-dozen telegraph lines, reaching from one end of the country to the other, and at far cheaper rates than are now paid.

There is one reason why this Associated Press monopoly should be abolished which appeals especially to business men. Under the present rules of the association the foreign commercial news telegraphed to its agent in this city after the morning papers have gone to press, remains in his possession until a certain hour in the forenoon, when it is given out simultaneously to the evening papers. The breadstuffs, provision, and cotton markets are, from the time of the receipt of the foreign dispatches to the time of their delivery to the press, at the mercy of a single individual. We do not say that there is any corruption in the case, but we do say that this is too great a power to be lodged in the hands of any one man; and it is time that provision was made to insure the commercial community against the possibility of the use of news for the benefit of private parties.

There is now a fine chance for the establishment of a new paper in this city which shall have at command capital enough to meet all the requisites for a first-class daily newspaper. If such a project be not started within a reasonable length of time, we shall seriously think of converting THE ROUND TABLE into a daily paper in order to give the metropolis, what it has never yet had, a thoroughly independent, impartial, and high-toned journal, which will represent the people of the United States as truly, and, we hope, more worthily, than the *London Times* does the people of England.

BILLIARDS AGAIN.

ABOUT the time that the present number of THE ROUND TABLE will meet the eye of our readers, there will be played in this city a game between a young Irishman and a young Frenchman for the billiard championship of the United States. We beg that such of our readers as may know of persons who intend to witness this match to ask them to observe what kind of men are present; to notice the looks, demeanor, and apparent social and public standing of the players, the backers, and the spectators. Judging from previous contests of this kind, we will wager that a majority of those present will be marked by the want of all that belongs to a gentleman, except, perhaps, good clothes. The majority of the backers will be men with square, squat figures, "foreheads villainously low," and eyes unnaturally red. Here and there will be found a gentleman, but most of the spectators will be Celts of the lower classes. We do not object in the least to Irishmen as such. We look with pride upon such men as James T. Brady, Charles O'Connor, Richard O'Gorman, and others that might be mentioned who are Irishmen or of Irish descent, and would do credit to any country. But these billiard people are a very different sort of folks. They belong to the lowest class of Celts, and never have gained, and never will gain, the social position which the gentlemen just mentioned occupy by right. We repeat what we said in a former article on this subject (and the statement has yet to be denied), that nearly all the so-called eminent billiard players in this country were originally billiard markers, bar-room scullions, or ten-pin boys, who accidentally acquired a proficiency in the game under consideration instead of becoming tinkers, hod-carriers, or scavengers. We took occasion to speak plainly on the matter in that article because we felt keenly. It is remarkable what a foothold the game of billiards has obtained in this country. There are even those who deem it fashionable. Our young men seem to think it a great thing to be able to handle a cue well and punch the balls with skill. Each state now has its billiard champion. State and national tournaments are held frequently; great sums of money are expended in the purchase of billiard tables; tens of thousands spend day after day and night after night in practicing this most silly game, and until THE ROUND TABLE spoke out not a single word was heard from any part of the country against it.

The objections to the game of billiards are obvious. First, the practice of it is an absurd waste of time; and, second, it involves a great waste of money. Nor are there any compensating advantages. Cards may be tolerated in the family circle for purposes of entertainment and innocent recreation. Chess requires the exercise of the mental faculties. Gymnastics, cricket, base-ball, and rowing tend to develop the physical powers. Croquet and other similar games appeal to the social and more refined taste of ladies and gentlemen. But none of these pleas apply to billiards. It is not physically beneficial, nor does it help to cultivate any of the amenities of life. The concomitants of even the best billiard saloon are demoralizing, both because of the low class of men and boys who are sure to flock thither, and of the tempting bar of which the fatigue and excitement of playing is sure to secure liberal patronage, to say nothing of the effect upon young men of spending evening after evening away from the home circle. And, physically, the practice of this game in public saloons is highly injurious. The air, vitiated by numerous gas-lights, fumes of tobacco, and the breath of the persons present, is sure to have its effect sooner or later upon the constitutions of every frequenter of such places. No living man can breathe such foul air for any length of time without impairing in greater or less degree his health. Such are some of the unavoidable concomitants of playing billiards as the game is played in this country. Of the game itself, we can only reiterate in even stronger terms what we felt called upon to say of it in a previous issue. In the name of Anglo-Saxon vigor and all that is manly, we protest against the countenance which is given it. If, however, young men will persist in frittering away their lives in striking balls with a stick, let them do it in private, and leave to poor Irish boys and brainless men the honor of doing the same in public.

Of course, the sentiments advanced in this and a former article on the subject will not please the men who make their living, and come into contact with rich young fellows, by making billiard tables or keeping billiard saloons. That is to be expected. Nor will the so-called sporting papers, which are the organs of the horse-jockeys, prize-fighters, and that class of men who are excluded from good society, endorse such views. But we have already received ample assurance that we have expressed the opinions of the most intelligent and respectable portion of the community, that portion which makes the nation what it is in spite of the efforts of bad men to gain the money and ruin the morals of our young men by offering attractions to which weak, undeveloped manhood is ever prone to yield.

WHAT OUR WEALTHY MEN DO NOT DO.

THEY do not aid the cause of literature. They send horses to compete at the Derby; they build yachts to challenge the world; they erect mansions of regal elegance; they injure art by bestowing all their favor upon one great picture, that the fame of their purchase may be trumpeted over the land, and they sometimes fill their shelves with wooden books, or perchance import a few tons of fossiliferous foreign works, their acquaintance with which extends to a knowledge of the amount paid therefor. Now and then a college is founded by a Williston, a Cornell, or a Vassar. Perchance a library is established by an Astor, or a Cooper erects a home for a school of art. These are exceptions, and very good in their way. But they are pretty well inlaid generally with the names of their donors, and are quite too public and pretentious to serve any great aid to unobtrusive letters. The simple fact is, that our wealthy men almost utterly ignore that personal patronage which it is in their power to extend to men of talent and genius. In this they deny themselves one of the richest luxuries which wealth can bestow—the pleasure and honor of encouraging authors.

History holds no names in more grateful remembrance than of those who have been the special patrons of literature and art. Pericles among the Greeks, the Medici in Italy, Augustus among the Romans, and Roscoe in England, were guardian angels over the writers of their times. Their memory will long be cherished. Would that we might add a name or two from this side the water! Alas! for our pride of dress and our love of pleasure; our opulence is bestowed only where it will make the greatest display. Our millionaires spend their treasures as though there were nothing more ennobling or refining than their selfish excesses. Who does not see it at every turn? Is there a monster local enterprise?—how promptly the merchant princes make known their liberality. But the poet who can thrill a million hearts with the chorus he may write, or the sketch-writer who shall wear away for the wealthy and indolent many a leisure hour in pleasurable romancing, or the philosopher whose pen may unravel the common sense of multitudes—he whose thought can educate and refine, and whose genius may weave veritable laurels into the glory-woof of the country—he must seek some clerkship or arduous manual labor that he may eke out a bare existence, the existence which his pen will not procure him. It is this which is the shame of our men of wealth.

Some men appear to think that they have accomplished their mission as patrons of literature when they have purchased a few volumes of the booksellers. They seem to consider that their duty and privilege ends at this point, and they flatter themselves that the cause of letters is advanced by their liberality. They forget, or, if remembering, they ignore, that in no country has the pursuit of letters been every way satisfactory without the fostering help of either private or governmental munificence. The only country where individuals have dared to essay literature with no promise of support is our own. The result is, that the majority of our writers have been driven to unpleasant clerkships for a living, until it is a by-word of no pleasant omen that a man who undertakes to earn his bread by authorship will soon be out at the elbows. While in England large bounties are bestowed upon talent by private liberality—not as a charity, but for the national credit and for personal honor—we have yet to learn of the first instance in our own land where writers have been the recipients of such favors.

That this should not be so, we think a little reflection will convince the reader. The man who uses his brain for the happiness and welfare of his fellows, ought to be beyond the annoyance of anxieties about living. He ought to have a competence, and perfect command of his time. Under no other circumstances can we hope for the creation of great works which may rank with the British classics, and give us, indeed, a national literature.

There are many ways by which men of means can lend active support to authors and writers. First and chief among these we would name a freer personal intercourse. As it is now, authorship well-nigh places a man outside the pale of the best and most genial society. Not that we would have every man of wealth throw open his doors to all the scribblers that chance along. But there should be some means of personal acquaintance, some bond of common interest and friendship, some appreciation and confidence on the part of men who are abundantly able to aid a writer in bringing a good thing before the public. Who does not remember the "Ivy Lane," "Turk's Head," and "Mermaid" clubs of the merry days of Johnson? And do we wonder when Irving says that in the whole kingdom there was not a man who did not consider himself honored by his presence at these gatherings of literary celebrities? Many a volume that we now cherish as classic had its suggestion and inspiration at one of these coteries. They brought together in a fraternal league the best literary interests; they gave a freshness and sparkle to the brilliant circle of talented men of the day; but, most of all, tended to bring authors into pleasant social relations with men of wealth and influence. It is by coming in contact with the thoughts, life, and plans of writers that opulence can break down the fictitious barriers which it has reared, and can throw about the profession of letters those genial and cheerful associations which are the soul of true inspiration. Most earnestly would we urge upon our rich men that they take more pains to bring together in a social way kindred literary spirits. It is not enough that we have extravagant clubs with large memberships. The Century is good in its way, as are others of our clubs. But the Century has no library, and really does more for art than for literature. Nor do we want drinking-house clubs, in the shadow of which brilliant men shall march straight down to ruin. We have one already, and we can but shrink from thought of another such blight.

As America has already taken the pre-eminence among the nations for her noble benevolence, mechanical skill, developments in many of the arts, and in her liberality to all that can foster and encourage a grand national growth, so would we see her take her place in the front rank as the promoter of art and literature. We believe that our country is destined to have no rival in the creations of genius and the works of mind. The elements are all here: the inspiring scenery is stretching away or towering on every hand; the thought of the people is full of poetic hope and vigorous life; the art of book-making has attained the perfection of other lands; everything is ready for a mighty era of brilliant intellectual efforts—efforts that shall as far surpass the creations of old-time intellect as America already surpasses other nations for vital and permanent growth. Will our wealthy men help it or will they retard it?

FENIANS BEWARE!

WE have not heard of the arrest of the agent of the so-called Fenian loan, and yet it is an act which, if not done, ought to be done at once. However deeply Americans may sympathize with the people of Ireland touching the injuries received at the hands of the English Government, they are not such fools as to encourage open resistance on the part of the poor peasantry of the Emerald Isle against the gigantic military power of Great Britain. This Fenian loan business is not exclusively a question of Irish repugnance to English rule. It is a matter of downright swindling. Every sensible man in this country, and the very people who are engineering this loan, know that every dollar subscribed to it will find its way into the pockets of vagabonds who will never account for any money that they may receive. The most noticeable feature of the whole movement is that it is

controlled almost exclusively by unknown Irishmen. The attempted revolution of 1848 furnished the world with names which, at least, had a recognized standing, such, for instance, as Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Mitchell, Richard O'Gorman, and others which might be mentioned. But the Fenian movement of 1865 is confined to porter-house keepers, briefless lawyers, and a set of characterless nobodies without responsibility, influence, or even notoriety. The subscribers to this loan will be day-laborers, servant girls, and other poor ignorant people who have no means of judging of the chances for or against an attempted revolution in Ireland. To obtain money from these people is swindling, pure and simple, and it is due to the good name of the American nation that the strong arm of the law be interposed to protect them against such an imposition.

We call upon our citizens to frown down this whole scheme. We call upon the press of the country to denounce it as it deserves, and, last of all, upon the officers of the law to promptly arrest and properly punish every person who is engaged in directing the loan or in receiving money in exchange for Fenian bonds. While we sympathize with the people of Ireland in their complaints against the English government, we wish them to distinctly understand that the majority of the American people do not deem them fit for self-government. The same objections to granting the elective franchise to the colored population in the South will hold good with reference to the question of Irish independence. It is true that after being educated Irishmen in this country may make good enough citizens, but the experience with them in this and other cities abundantly proves that an Irish republic, if established, would prove a nuisance and a curse among the nations. No true friend of Ireland will encourage its people to think of obtaining national independence. Their destiny is involved in that of Great Britain, and all who have at heart their best interests will prefer to have their condition ameliorated under English rule to deluding them with the hope of an Irish republic, which is sure to be blasted at the first attempt to realize it.

THE agent of Juarez in this city chose a most unpropitious time for putting on the market a loan of \$30,000,000, for the same day on which the announcement of the proposed loan was made, intelligence was received of the flight of Juarez from Mexico, and the proclamation of Maximilian that henceforth he would show no mercy to the liberal malcontents. The Emperor is fully justified in this resolve. He is *de facto* Emperor, he has an established government and army, and it would be sheer cruelty to the people of Mexico to longer tolerate the pretense of belligerency on the part of the liberals. It is now quite time that the American people looked the fact of the empire of Mexico straight in the face and accepted the consequences. We want Mexico for ourselves, and will have it some day; but we do not want its people. Hence our policy has been to annex or conquer state after state, get rid of the inhabitants, and occupy the land. The creation of the empire has checked the progress of this policy, and this is our real grievance against the French Emperor. As it is not the wish or intention of the people of the United States to go to war with France on this question, the best thing for them to do is to recognize the fact of the establishment of the empire and make all they can out of it. True statesmanship deals with matters as they are, and not as might be wished they were. Under a settled government Mexico affords a fine opening for the energetic enterprise of the American people, in developing its natural resources. And this work is now doing. Already the instinct of trade has established steamship lines, express companies, horse-car railroads, and mining enterprises, under the imperial authority; and there is every reason for believing that American capitalists will be amply remunerated for making such investments. For the present, then, let us waive the enforcement of the fiction of a Monroe doctrine and accept facts as they are rather than vainly try to mold them according to our wishes. This is the only policy by which we can accomplish the purposes in regard to Mexico which are too firmly grounded into the minds of our people to be removed by the temporary obstacle that now confronts us.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, October 11, 1865.

PRAYING AGAINST THE RINDERPEST.

THE head of the English Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury, has at last published the prayer which is henceforth to be uttered in the churches; and, as it is to be continued until that pest disappears, it is pretty sure to be effectual. "I'll pray for rain, if you wish," said an old parson to a vestry committee who came to suggest a prayer in time of drought; "I'll pray for rain, if you wish, but hanged if it rains till the moon changes." It is not too much to say that the sarcasms with which his grace's prayer is received show a general disposition to look more to the fall of the thermometer just now than to pious supplications. However, the prayer has come—maugre the shudder of those who, really believing in a God, find a certain blasphemy and meek egotism in supposing that human beings can suggest to him a greater love and an improved method of governing his world. There are many traits called "English," but humility is scarcely one of them. We all remember when, soon after the termination of the Crimean war, on a proposal in Parliament to appoint a day of thanksgiving, a statesman arose and declared, in substance, that, considering the favor which Almighty God had shown to the English arms, England had scarcely done the gentlemanly thing in return! This new prayer begins by declaring that God, "whose are the cattle on a thousand hills," has "visited our flocks and herds with a grievous murrain." Observe the joint proprietorship of the Durhams and South-downs suggested in the words I have italicized. Then comes a phrase in which the Lord is, as it were, reminded of his attributes: "In the midst of judgment do thou, O Lord, remember mercy." Did the archbishop mean to intimate an inconsistency in the divine dispensations in the following? "Stay, we pray thee, this plague, and save that provision which thou hast in thy goodness granted for our sustenance." But here is something as sublime in its way as Mont Blanc: "Defend us also, gracious Lord, from the pestilence with which many foreign lands have been smitten; keep it, we beseech thee, far away from our borders; so shall we ever offer unto thee the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for these thy acts of providence over us." As Squeers said, here's richness! Whatever may happen to foreigners and the like is unimportant; but if the Lord is to have the praises of Englishmen, he is to remember what is due to the position and comfort of Englishmen! What will the historian of the England of to-day say when he fishes up from some musty file of the *Times* this prayer? Professor F. W. Newman has discovered that it was a belief among the ancient Greeks that, if a plague fell upon them, it was plainly a necessity that that plague should be in the world somewhere, and their method of praying against it was to select some country which they thought the most unworthy, generally that to which they were most hostile, and pray the gods to send the plague away from them to that other nation. My opinion is that this is a step higher than this disposition of the English primate to bestow the plague pell-mell on foreigners, so that "our borders" are secured. Wouldn't this sound better? "There are those naughty Prussians, Lord, who go on annexing the Duchies in utter contempt of Earl Russell's dispatches; on them (with, perhaps, a touch for those black Zulus who made Colenso a heretic), instead of pious England, let the pestilence be sent."

When in the high places of the Church prayers are thus degenerating into a kind of chimpanzee chatter, it is not to be wondered that other things become apiece with them. It is Dr. Holmes, if I remember, who contemplates a possible period when all clergymen, who, because they preach, do not hear sermons, shall relapse into paganism for want of religious instruction. England is clearly the perpetual preacher to the world. (John Bright irreverently says she is "the common scold of Europe.") Her missionaries are in every savage land. But what is happening to England herself? Dr. Pusey said, only this week: "There are places in London, as I have myself seen, where, for generation after generation, the name of Christ has never reached, and their inhabitants had much better have been born in Calcutta than in London, because the charity which sends forth Christian missionaries would the rather reach them." From my morning's newspaper I clip you (lest you should think I have made some error in copying it) the following illustration of what no one can doubt is the average state of morality throughout that region marked Staffordshire on the map, known here, most appropriately, as the "black country."

"A few days ago a stand-up fight took place in Wednesbury, one of the most thriving towns in the 'black country,' between four women, two of whom are stated

to have stripped for the encounter. A ring was formed by the bystanders, and the contest was conducted with as much regard for the rules and courtesies of the P.R. as was consistent with the somewhat heated tempers of the combatants. A police-officer who had the presumption to interfere with this womanly pastime got a broken head and a dislocated shoulder for his pains."

Amongst the more intelligent of the lower middle-classes there has been a powerful reaction against the superstitions and degradations of which I have written, which has taken its most important form in what is termed "Secularism." Whatever errors the secularists may have, they do, at least, inculcate cleanliness, education, home-virtues, temperance, and justice as religious duties. But I fear there is little chance of their accomplishing much among a people who are as really, if not so extensively, priest-ridden as those of France. Among these secular speakers is a Mrs. Law, the eloquent lady who once arose in a meeting held to promote John Stuart Mill's election, and made an impressive speech concerning his (Mill's) female suffrage heresies. This lady undertook to give some lectures at Whitehaven. It seems that Joseph Barker, who, in America, was such a denouncer of the Bible that he injured the abolitionists, amongst whom he numbered himself, but here is both pro-slavery and ultra-orthodox, had been lecturing against Mrs. Law and her views in such a way as to arouse among the more ignorant, especially women, a kind of fury, and a feeling that it was their religious duty to supplement his (Barker's) arguments with apostolic blows and knocks. A few evenings ago a mob, consisting principally of women and girls, surrounded the door of the hall where Mrs. Law had been holding forth, and it was not till a late hour that, guarded by three policemen, and with the greatest effort on their part, Mrs. Law was literally thrust into a cab and driven off; and even then the windows of the vehicle were smashed. On the following night there was another popular demonstration outside the hall, and as the cab company, warned by the experience of the previous evening, refused to send a cab, the lady was kept a prisoner in the hall till three o'clock in the morning. Even at that hour a large mob still remained on the ground, and when Mrs. Law got into the street the crowd followed her, hooting, yelling, and using all kinds of opprobrious epithets.

A LETTER FROM CARLYLE.

Mr. Adam White, for many years an excellent officer in the British Museum, but now of Edinburgh, proposes to introduce the study of natural history into schools and families. On this point he received the following charming little letter from Carlyle: "For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far at least as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside and the little winged and wingless neighbors that are continually meeting me with a salutation which I cannot answer, as things are. Why didn't somebody teach me the constellations too, and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day? I love to prophesy that there will come a time when, not in Edinburgh only, but in all Scottish and European towns and villages, the schoolmaster will be strictly required to possess these two capabilities (neither Greek nor Latin more strict), and that no ingenuous little denizen of this universe be thenceforward debarred from his right of liberty in those two departments, and doomed to look on them as if across grated fences all his life!" The readers of Emerson will have recalled to them, by this almost plaintive outburst, that passage in which the Concord sage speaks with scorn of the knowledge of Greece and Rome beside any knowledge that might give one an insight into those "neighboring kingdoms" of life represented by rat or insect. In connection with the letter which I have given, a writer in the *Telegraph* (whom we may suppose to be Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt) gives the following anecdote, which may well be laid upon THE ROUND TABLE: "Many years ago," he says, "there was one night a long conversation between two great talkers—Leigh Hunt and Thomas Carlyle. The genial English poet, as was his wont, persuasively insisted upon the sunny side of things—upon the beauty of the world itself, and on the thousand innocent pleasures of mankind. The Scottish historian, whilst quite catholic enough to admit all the truth in his companion's pleasant theory, dwelt nevertheless upon the sterner aspects of human life, and showed how even the brightest summer must needs have its thunder-clouds. They rose, and as Leigh Hunt accompanied Carlyle on part of his homeward way, the poet bethought himself of an argument which, to his mind, was quite conclusive. It was a magnificent night, and Hunt, pointing to the sky, gave a cry of exultation, 'But look there!' Carlyle looked up, gravely contem-

plated Ursa Major, Orion's belt, Cassiopea's Chair, and all the other glories of the firmament, and then said, in a low and plaintive tone—under which, nevertheless, there lurked a certain serene jocosity—'Eh, and it's a sad sight!'"

By the way, there is a vague impression among some of Mr. Carlyle's friends that the world will get from him, either before or after his death, something of much importance upon the life of Christ.

SOMETHING FROM SIDNEY SMITH.

Miss Berry, and not the Davenports, is the medium through whom we get a few unpublished notes about Sidney Smith. ("Extracts from the Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry from the year 1783 to 1852. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. Longman & Co.") Here is one:

"Engaged, my dear Miss Berry, up to the teeth on Saturday, or should be too happy. It gives me great comfort that you are recovered. I would not have survived you. To precipitate myself from the pulpit of Paul was the peculiar mode of destruction on which I had resolved. Ever yours, etc."

Everybody knows the humorous divine's "receipt for salad." Miss Berry gives us his revised copy, in which the last verse is changed. At first the concluding lines stood thus:

"Oh! green and glorious, oh! herbaceous treat,
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl."

In the final version the anchorite no longer appears, giving place to the more appropriate London epicure:

"Then though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the epicure may say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

LITERATURE AND ART.

I saw in an American journal the other day a regret expressed that Robert Browning should be so little known in America. My residence of seven or eight years in our great West convinced me that Robert Browning's poetry was singularly well appreciated there; quite as much as here. There has just been issued by Moxon, in the same style with "Selections from Tennyson," "Selections from Browning." It is a beautiful volume, in blue and gold, with an admirable portrait of Browning, and a short preface, in which, dedicating the volume to Tennyson, he says of the book that it "looks pale beside the wonderful flower-show of my illustrious predecessor—dare I say my dear friend?—who will take it, all except the love in the gift, at a mere nosegay's worth."

Those whom Matthew Arnold's exquisite essay on Eugénie de Guérin have prepared for it will be glad to know that Simpkin, Marshall & Co. have published a good translation of her "Journal."

What if it should turn out that one day American authors should be vainly petitioning Albion to protect their rights of authorship, as now Albion vainly appeals to America? Observe the following advertisement, now in all the papers:

YANKEE FUN AND FROLIC BOOKS.

Price One Shilling. Colored Wrappers.

Artemas Ward: His Book.

Artemas Ward: His Travels. (Next week.)

Major Jack Downing.

Petroleum V. Nasby.

Orpheus C. Kerr.

The Biglow Papers. (Next week.)

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

John Phenix. (From the Twelfth American Edition.)

J. Godfrey Saxe's Poems. (From the twenty-eighth edition.)

London: S. O. Beeton, 248 Strand, W. C.

NOTICE.—All these books are published without the authority of the several American authors. They are printed without their leave or sanction, precisely as Mr. Beeton's books, and Englishmen's works generally, are reprinted in America without their leave or sanction.

Mr. Hanhart, a skillful German chromolithographer in London, has got up, and Moore, McQueen & Co. have published, some beautiful—I may say magnificent—copies of Carl Werner's drawings of "Jerusalem and the Holy Places." The third part, just issued, contains "The Golden Gate, Jerusalem"—the gate entered by Christ when, on Palm Sunday, he went from Bethany to Jerusalem; the "Cænaculum," where the Last Supper was held; and the "The Arch of Ecce Homo," leading into the Via Dolorosa.

Herr Doehler, of New York, makes his *début* as a solo violinist at the Crystal Palace concert next Saturday.

The following advertisement is in all of the papers:

FOREIGN STAMPS GIVEN AWAY.—A CONFEDERATE states Stamp, bearing the head of Jefferson Davis, will be given away to all purchasers of the October number of the "Stamp Collectors' Magazine," illustrated. Price 4d. The Magazine and Stamp (warranted genuine), post free, four stamps. Stafford Smith & Smith, Queen Square House, Bath.

Dean Stanley's forthcoming Vol. II. of the "History of the Jewish Monarchy" is said by some to be so heretical that Colenso will seem to be reactionary in the comparison. It is said that Dr. Pusey is going around having interviews with the more conservative Broad Church

men to see if they cannot unite upon some common ground to fortify and defend against the radicals.

Edmund Yates—the *flâneur* of the *Star*—thus sums up our literary prospects for the fall: "There is," he says, "'Sir Jasper's Tenant' for the sensational, and 'Miss Forrester' for the extra sensational, the author scorning such mild acts as burning your arm with a red-hot iron, and taking for her motto 'Who peppers the highest is surest to please.' In the same school is Mr. Le Fanu—on whom the mantle of Mrs. Radcliffe seems to have descended—with his new story of 'Guy Deverell.' In quite a different style is the author of 'George Geith,' whose new novel, 'Maxwell Drewitt,' is announced for the 18th, and 'Rhoda Fleming,' full of Mr. George Meredith's singularly quaint philosophy and extensive reading, 'Running the Gauntlet,' by the author of 'Broken to Harness,' appears at the end of this week, and 'Won by a Head,' by Mr. Alfred Austin, at the end of the month. A new novel, called 'Passing the Time,' by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, is also announced. Mr. E. S. Dallas's 'Essays on Criticism' will shortly be published, as will Mr. Sala's narrative of his 'Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route.' There are announcements of three illustrated books—a collection of Mr. Millais's drawings on wood, an illustrated edition of the first series of Mr. Boyd's 'Recreations of a Country Parson,' and an illustrated edition of the 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.'"

M. D. C.

BOSTON.

Boston, October 30, 1865.

It has been put forth in behalf of Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" that it is calculated to revolutionize the domain of tragedy. The plain statement of this matter is, that a new poet has arisen, whose mission is to tilt against the prevailing Gothic or Romantic taste and set up for admiration and imitation a rejuvenation of the classic; in fine, to do what (if we except the abiding power of Racine among the French) has not been done in modern literature. The failure on the part of such literary experimentalists has not come from any want of persistent effort. The struggle has been evinced in a variety of academic antagonisms, embodying every shade of effect. The history of German literature is a succession of these reactionary results. First Gottsched, then Lessing; imperial tragedy and domestic tragedy; Goethe in "Goetz von Berlichingen" and Goethe in "Iphigenia;" Schiller in "The Bride of Messina" and Schiller in "Wallenstein;" all these, and many other instances, attest this chronic reaction, and point out the repeated recurrence of the judgment, when left to its own impulses, to the more natural expression of the unclassical school. From its results on the continent, we can but agree with Madame de Staël that the Romantic school—using the phrase for its antithetical value, however objectionable it otherwise is—is the only one whose roots are fixed in our modern soil which is consonant with our history and religion, and therefore susceptible alone of perfection. Both Goethe and Schiller seem to have felt this. It was a mere hybrid Grecism that the one produced in his "Iphigenia," and the other could not stave off a failure by any fashioning of the chorus in his "Braut von Messina" to suit a newer æsthetical notion. In English literature the result has not been different, nor, in spite of Mr. Swinburne, is it likely to be. Garrick said, when pressed to accept plays, that he had been *spoiled* by Shakespeare. In fact, the Teutonic mind has been "spoiled" by Shakespeare, and among a people who can enjoy him there is but the smallest chance of the classical school in tragedy attaining any predominant power, whether it be in the Franco-Greek manner of the "Cato" of Addison and the "Irene" of Johnson, or in the more genuine Hellenism of Mason's "Caractacus." These and some other instances of this leaning in the dramatic literature of the last century, however commendable for scholarly reflection of classic form or spirit, were all doomed to sink at last. In this century it has not been different. Shelley, as if fearing the asseveration would do his piece harm, denied that his "Prometheus" was Greek in spirit; but, be it so or not, it was certainly anti-Gothic, and destined to yield the palm to "The Cenci," which was not anti-Gothic. If Shelley has not effected a revolution in the domain of English tragedy, I hardly think Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne can. Not that the "Atalanta in Calydon" is not a clever production; so was Roland's horse: he had all good qualities, and only one fault—he was dead! There is as much pulsation that a modern can understand in a galvanized mummy as in this mighty commotion over a firebrand. Othello's handkerchief was heart and soul to this firebrand. "Plain!" exclaims Bayes, when the inquisitive Smith ventured to say he did not understand his tragedy, "did you ever hear any people in the clouds speak plain?" Not

that we cannot find out what all this means for he has been kind enough to print in a style of moribund description what is called the argument of the story—I say *moribund*, for I cannot see what excuse any old beldam in starched stomacher has to live in these days of easy jackets and balmorals. Many will wish he had not been so considerate about his Greek dedication to the memory of Landor, for where in Landor's is "the highest of cotemporary names" (except that he is more saturated with the Greek spirit than any other of modern Englishmen, which is probably his admirer's reason) may be worth knowing, but, I opine, not worth this trouble of knowing. We had supposed that we of this age knew better than to sympathize with the horror of Johnson, who would not disgrace the walls of the abbey with an *English* epitaph on poor Goldsmith. Emerson tells us that Oxford is a Greek factory; and so I suppose that the 'prentice hand must be allowed to show its slight. It is the professor of poetry at Oxford who has championed this new-come classical furor in England for the past decade or more. Matthew Arnold is certainly no ordinary man, and has stood with a fair degree of composure not a few hard blows from the critics, whom he has been ambitious to teach. He has counseled persistently against the danger of producing works conceived in the spirit of the passing time, but I am inclined to suspect that he would have been a conservative in criticism had he lived in the days of Æschylus himself, and thought that the old Greek himself wrote in the spirit of the passing time—as he no doubt did, unfortunate man. He would have clamored then, as now, "for a wider play of mind," and perhaps then, as now, have fancied he saw signs of the long-desired regeneration in the surcease of an age of concentration and the advent of that of expansion. To the number of these signs in this day, however, he can doubtless add another in Mr. Swinburne's tragedy.

I would not speak flippantly of "Atalanta." I think I comprehend its value—the fruition of a scholarly culture, which has always a nameless charm, however misdirected. There are passages in it of exquisite melody which no mere versifier could execute. They are chiefly, too, in the rhymed portions; which reminds us, too, of what Shakespeare says of impediments in fancy's course, that they are motives to more fancy—a condition Burke comprehended, when he wrote "our antagonist is our helper;" and Mr. Arnold happily believes in, as I judge from his quoting it. What displeases most are just those qualities which he would probably contend are the most deserving of praise—his avoidance of commonplace in expletives, for instance; but then it leads him to substitutes that are so far from being obvious in meaning that they are obscure, and have no apparent relation to apostolic instinct. It is like the whims of some portrait-painters, who consider it a derogatory qualification to say their work is like their subject; and unless like, it were difficult to see why they painted at all. So unless there is an apostrophe and poetic meaning in an adjective, why use it? It is not enough that it is not commonplace. Take, for example, such a phrase as this, "Fair as *fled* foam, a goddess." The meaning is not obvious, and at best shows nothing of that instinct for verbal felicity which he would probably despise in Keats, not to speak of its lacking euphony. There can a meaning be twisted out of it, to be sure, but it is not worth the twisting when you get it. Instances of this sort are not uncommon; but it must be acknowledged that this *prima facie* obscurity has now and then a genuine feeling concealed under it, as when he chose the epithet I italicize:

"For there is nothing *terrible* to men
Than the sweet face of mothers, and the night."

But these are graces of style, according to this school of poets, that should be beneath our care—they have "a note of provinciality," forsooth! and they come of our admiration for Shakespeare, and our inability to appropriate to ourselves other than such externals, while we lose his spirit. This is their way of thinking we are "spoiled" by Shakespeare, and it is an opinion they are not allowed to enjoy with impunity. Lowell, in a magazine article some years ago, took Matthew Arnold to task for such an opinion, and Shelley had already, among others, in his preface to his "Prometheus," maintained that the peculiar style of intense and comprehensive imagery which distinguishes the modern literature of England had not been, as a general power, the product of the imitation of any particular writer.

Notwithstanding some slips in his criticism, Matthew Arnold, as the type of this reactionary school, has told the Englishmen some wholesome truths. He has not favored their self-complacency with honeyed phrases more than Ruskin; and he has told them some things not more palatable to their intellectual sense than the famous Dr. Brown's opinions in his "Inestimable Esti-

mate" were acceptable to their national honor a century ago. He does not tell them, as Brown did, that their degeneracy laid them open, an easy prey, to the martial energy of the French, but he does intimate that the standard of mental culture across the Channel is far above theirs; that the *littérateurs* of Paris are freer by far from the "note of provinciality," and that the journey-work of the pen is much better done there than in England. He complains that English criticism is complacent and self-satisfied, whereas he conceives the essence of criticism to be a constant dissatisfaction with existing results, and a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world. This is his "era of expansion," the good time coming—when we shall write tragedies in the domain of permanent passion, and no longer be slaves to the prevailing idea that the present alone is all that is worthy. Here is the great point in dispute, and ever has been. It is the old question, will not even a galled jade serve us better than Roland's dead horse? Mr. Arnold quotes M. Sainte-Beuve as saying that in France one cannot be touched, pleased, or amused by a work, without first considering *if it be right*. And we remember that in France some wise tactician found fault with Bonaparte because he did not fight by the established rule. So Kingsley praises the university tutor who told a restless student that it was not their business to understand Plato, but to translate him. How characteristic such a pedagogic notion is! To translate is to put into one tongue what is thought in another; and we may fancy the dilemma of the trampled student who has a thought he don't understand to put into words to be understood! Here is the senseless routine that the new furor for classicism would bring us back to. There's hope in extravagance; there's none in routine, says Emerson, and wisely. Richter never said a better thing than that this following of an exploded idea reminded him of a flock of sheep, where every one leaped at the same spot, though the obstacle had been removed that caused their bell-wether to leap.

It is not strange that almost every cultured man some time or other in the course of his development feels this reverence for the spirit of Hellenism, which had done so much for the world; but with a man that is growing—and the best men never cease growing—it is sure to pass into obscurity with much else that he transiently prizes. Goethe went through with it. Schiller outgrew it, when he found that not in it could he awake his age's response. He had regretted, in a poem, that the myths of Greece had been lost to art, and wished them back. Mrs. Browning, in reply, touched a chord that made every genuine heart of the day vibrate:

"O ye vain, false gods of Hellas,
Ye are silent ever more!
And I dash down this old chalice
Whence libations ran of yore.
See! the wine crawls in the dust,
Wormlike, as your glories must!
Since Pan is dead!"

I have not forgotten the disgust of every unpolished mind at the vulgar, demirep air of that naked Venus that Page sent us some years ago, as an incentive to a reviving taste for olden myths. Every one turned with unspeakable relief to something purer, more Christian, less sensual and less debasing, wherever they could find it. The present day is not certainly without its debasements, but it is the best we have. It has sucked out of antiquity all that antiquity had to offer that could amalgamate, and it has much beside. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Better one earnest delving into the midst of this moiling present, than a telescopic lookout on Parnassus. "Nay," says she, the greatest of our modern poets, with the womanly instinct,

"Nay, if there's room for poets in the world,
A little overgrown (I think there is),
Their sole work is to represent the age—
Their age, not Charlemagne's—this live throbbing ago
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,
And spends more passion, more heroic heat,
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,
Than Roland with his knights at Roncesvalles.
To flinch from modern varnish, coat, or flounce,
Cry out for togas and the picturesque,
Is fatal—foolish too. King Arthur's self
Was commonplace to Lady Guenevere;
And Camelot to minstrels seemed as flat
As Regent Street to poets."

Such sentiments may be heresy at Oxford, but they find a response everywhere else. They always have been, and probably ever will be, banded about in vigorous antagonism; but I must think that when, in the domain of tragedy, or of thought in general, a revolution has been effected, it has ever been in accordance with the spirit of the age, not of any age indefinitely. Still, the antagonism, as Burke implies, is the best for us after all. As Goethe told his countrymen, you need not quarrel

which is the greater, I or Schiller, but be thankful you have us both. So let us be thankful for both classicism and its opposite. The one reacts favorably on the other. Even "Atalanta in Calydon," ranging itself on the side of routine, may temper the vagaries of extravagance.

Of the two other books from Ticknor & Fields, now before me, "Atlantic Tales" and "Gems from Tennyson," I have not space to say what I would this week.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have in press a fourth volume of speeches, etc., by the late Mr. Everett, which his literary executors have prepared from matter accumulated since the previous volumes were compiled.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. will publish a new volume of poems by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Her previous ventures have had the imprint of Ticknor & Fields.

The making of the Shaw equestrian statue is assigned to W. W. Story, and, with this and the Everett, he seems to have secured his share of current patronage.

I notice in a recent number of THE ROUND TABLE that Hallam's "Constitutional History of England" has been made a text-book at Cambridge. The fact is, it has been a text-book for a long while, or at least was such fifteen years ago. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, October 30, 1865.

THIS city is all alive with the fair now being held in the Academy of Music for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors' Home. After the Sanitary Fair held in June, 1864, in a building specially erected for the purpose, and covering the whole of Logan Square, the present attempt seems on a miniature scale indeed. The pit or parquette of the Academy of Music is floored over, as when balls are given there, and there are numerous tables, on which handsomely arranged articles are displayed for sale. A Jacquard loom is at work at the end of the stage. There is a well-supplied restaurant in the basement and another in the foyer on the second floor; prices moderate at both. The dress-circle up stairs is occupied by spectators, but all the entrances, except those in the center, are carefully nailed up. A good brass band plays intermittingly. There are several parts of the show to which extra admission money is required: these are, a very small den on the first floor, where a few flags and arms are exhibited; a picture gallery in the green-room, in which the most remarkable among a scanty collection of paintings is Benjamin West's "Penn and the Indians." Also a mammoth ox and a huge heifer. In the Academy of the Fine Arts, in Chestnut Street, a fine collection of foreign paintings, lately brought over for sale by Mr. Bailey, an eminent goldsmith and jeweler here, is being exhibited for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors' Home. This is very popular, and deservedly so. The opening of the fair was impressive, though, as usual, President Johnson and a number of other eminent publicists were announced to appear, who, no doubt, could not spare time and never promised to attend. Generals Grant and Meade and Admiral Farragut were there, and Mr. T. Buchanan Read recited a long poem written for the occasion, which, by request, was followed by his "Sheridan's Ride"—a ballad in which, it seems to me, the speed and endurance of the horse rather than the spirit and dash of the rider were held up to admiration. Mr. Read's voice, feeble at best, is lost in a large space, and his recitations are mere dumb show to three-fourths of—I cannot say his audience.

Lippincott & Co. are about publishing by subscription a large paper edition, on fine paper and in two volumes, of "Webster's Dictionary."

The Protestant Episcopal Convention or Synod separated after seventeen days' session, during which much was said and little done. Two pastoral addresses were submitted; neither was adopted, and both will be published. The *odium theologicum* raged violently throughout all the discussions.

When Sir William Blackstone resolved to apply himself to the study of the law, when he was only twenty-one years old, and a fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, he determined, also, to renounce most of his cherished literary pursuits, to close his much-valued classics, to abandon mathematics, to relinquish his passion for architecture (he wrote a book on its "Elements" when he was only twenty), to place his violin upon the shelf, and, above all, to register a vow that, thenceforth, he would flit no more with the muse of poetry, but apply himself to reason rather than to rhyme. Accordingly, he wrote the well-known verses called "The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," which were published in "Dodsley's Miscellany;" verses which are far above the average merit of occasional poetry—which, for the most part, means poetry which ought to perish with the occasions that produced it. Never again did William Blackstone tag a rhyme. His was no lover's farewell—who solemnly takes leave, and is sure to come back in an hour or two—none of the

eternal *adieu* made at night and broken by mid-day on the morrow. He was sincere, and showed his sincerity by remaining devoted, ever after, to Themis rather than to Euterpe, Erato, or Calliope. Still, his early predilection for polite letters was of infinite advantage to him in later years, when he was writing his "Commentaries," which, for grace and clearness of expression, have never been surpassed. Well might Sir William Jones, the great poet and linguist, who succeeded surlly Sam Johnson for a time, declare that the "Commentaries" "are the most correct and beautiful outline that ever was exhibited on any human science;" keenly adding, "but they alone will no more form a lawyer than a general map of the world, however accurately and elegantly it may be delineated, will make a geographer."

It is remarkable that Blackstone, who was made a judge of the Common Pleas immediately after the whole of his "Commentaries" had appeared, was wholly undistinguished in that capacity. During the ten years he wore the ermine he was attentive and painstaking, but by no means vigorous or profound. It seemed as if he had written himself out. Other lawyers, more self-reliant, have not disdained to cultivate letters and law at the same time. Talfourd, the dramatist, who expired on the bench, while charging the grand jury at Stafford Assizes, was one of these: poet, lawyer, and orator, he adorned whatever he touched. Many others, at the British and the American bar, have been men of letters as well as men of law. Long after Erskine had retired on his pension as Lord Chancellor (there is a rigid rule in England, that a man who has once been a judge can never return to the practice of the law), he amused himself with literature. In 1817, when he was nearly seventy years old, he published "Armata," a political romance. At Cambridge, before he went to the bar, he was known as a wit and verse-maker; and at Trinity College, where he was a fellow-commoner, a parody of his upon Gray's Pindaric ode, "The Bard," is still remembered and quoted. It was written on his having been made late at the college dinner by the tardiness of Coe, his hair-dresser. The opening stanza may serve as a specimen:

"Ruin seize thee, scoundrel Coe!
Confusion on thy frizzling wait!
Hadst thou the only comb below,
Thou nevermore shouldst touch my pate!
Club, nor queue, nor twisted tail,
Nor e'en thy chattering, barber, shall avail
To save thy horsewhipped back from daily fears,
From Cantab's curse, from Cantab's tears."

All this may read like a roundabout paper—precisely what it is meant for. The object is to inform or remind the reader that lawyers, even great lawyers, have successfully mixed literature and jurisprudence. There are numerous instances, no doubt, in which the result has not been quite so satisfactory, and this brings me to what I have to say and show.

It is astonishing, if one takes the trouble of counting up the number of persons in a large city who write poetry in a respectable manner, how few there are. Here, in this year of grace, 1865, in this city of Philadelphia, covering 120 square miles and a population of over 700,000, honestly told, there are only three persons who are entitled to be considered poets. One of these is George H. Boker, whose genius is undoubted, and the other is Henry B. Hirst, author of "Endymion," and of numerous lyrics of great merit. For some years past, Mr. Hirst has been a resident in the lunatic ward of the City Asylum, at Blockley, on the west bank of the Schuylkill, but he is harmless, amiable, and imaginative. Latterly he has resumed his pen, for his mind is regaining its vigor, and his recent poems are as good, at least, as those which originally made his reputation. I purposely omit the name of the third good poet of Philadelphia—let each versifier soothe his *amour propre* with the idea that he is the man. A fourth has just flashed upon us in a 12mo of 120 pages, being a narrative poem entitled "The Romance of Matrimony," and carefully labeled as "founded on fact." It is superbly printed—one edition is enriched with photographed illustrations—and it is published by Mr. Howard Challen. Moore speaks of

"Beauty, like the aloe flower
That blooms and blossoms at fourscore;"

and, surely, there is a species of poetic genius which, however tardily it may rise, is brilliant in the extreme after it has risen. There is the example of Lord Derby, renowned as orator and politician, suddenly coming out, "like an Irish rebellion, twenty thousand strong," with a translation of the "Iliad" into good blank verse, at the mature age of sixty-six. Still older is the author of the "Romance of Matrimony," now close on his threescore-years-and-ten mentioned by the Psalmist, and who formerly was Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania.

The narrative is plain and brief. There is a pretty girl

of "the tender age of sweet sixteen," whose mother is dead, whose father is a *mauvais sujet*, and whose poverty is great. She has been relieved in her need by a wealthy gentleman, who was

"— of ripened age,
And long experience made him sage:
The hardships which his youth had seen
Had made his manhood strong and green."

He offers his hand to the girl, who, instead of giving him the plain "yes or no" he wanted, answers him to the extent of over five mortal pages of Hudibrastic verse (*minas* the wit), and states that, all things considered, she rather prefers an old man. It is through protective love, she says,

"— that birdlings rest
In safety in their downy nest;
The ancient bull, with pow'r and will,
Protects the herd upon the hill;
The gallant, brave old chanciere
Defends the chickens without fear,
And rushes, if the brood alarms,
To meet and rout the world in arms;
The very geese, that saved old Rome,
Protect the goslings as they roam;
And thus, through all creation's throng,
True love descends from old to young."

After this cock-and-a-bull illustration, the young lady persists in declaring that she is enamoured of her ancient suitor, holding that nature's law,

"The weak and strong—the young and old,
In love's embrace each other hold,"

is the best, though the common belief is different—and consents, with charming alacrity, to marry him. She protests a great deal, and her aged lover expresses his fear that she may change:

"He told her this, and much beside
About the changes of the tide
And moon,"

classically and scripturally reminding her of the bad conduct of Helen of Troy, of Cleopatra of Egypt, of Uriah's wife, and of Queen Semiramis; but she stops his mouth with the words,

"My life has been all innocence,
Excepting only one offense—
IDOLATRY—my love to you
Is almost worship, as I know;"

and the marriage takes place, with the old result of an alliance between December and May—the bride dishonors him before the nuptial year has passed away. He does not part with her. No—

"Although his trusting heart was broken,
An unkind word was never spoken:
In tenderness from day to day,
He parted in the gentlest way:
The fault confessed—she told him all,
And how the tempter caused her fall!
His LOVE remained, his FAITH is gone."

Condoning her "fault," which is simple adultery, "he still remains her faithful friend," calls her "My lovely wife," and is affectionately addressed by her as "My dearest, kindest, only friend." He resolves to travel, and she lends him her brother, a youth of education, to accompany him as friend, courier, interpreter, valet, and nurse. Their tour is extended to England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, and, indeed, sixty pages are occupied with the hand-book of European travel thrown into diluted rhyme. At last, the boy, his companion, leaves him at Milan for a short time, and there the unhappy husband meets a black-eyed young lady at the opera, at church, and other places, holding long and didactic converse on the morality of the drama—her part of the conversation covers several pages—and in double quick time they are married, though the gentleman happens to have a wife at home. Soon

"He roused her from her dream of bliss,
And told her how he'd wrecked her peace;"

(this new poet's rhymes are remarkable!) and she, with reciprocal candor, tells him that his wife was the boy who traveled with him, and that *she*, the second wife, was the boy, and the spouse whom he had left in America. Her emphatic words are,

"Oh! pardon! husband, pardon! please!
I am your lawful wife LOUISE!"

Overcome by this entreaty—touched with the familiar eloquence of her "pardon! please!"—

"At last he broke
The silence, and with sob's he spoke:
'My friend! my love! my wife! my toy!
My lovely bride! my only joy!
Thou hast a pardon, full and free,
For all the wrong thou'st done to me'"

They have a long conversation after this, in which the lady speaks of maintenance, and part of lands and goods, as if she were a property lawyer, and is suddenly taken ill—no wonder, after so much talk. In a few minutes, prating to the last, she is dead. Her husband dies also, and both lie in one grave. Ten years later a penitent

(her seducer) visits their resting-place, mourns over his own solitary state, and totters away—whither is not revealed,—and the poem ends with a moral tag that,

"Forgiveness on repentance shown
Is God's own law, by Christ made known."

No poem in the English language, the production of a literate person, has such commonplace matter, or such remarkably bad rhymes as this. A few of them are, *down and on, voice and joys, come and doom, been and sin, alone and sun, far and air*, and so on, besides making *Rome* rhyme with *room*, and *sends* with *descends*. Speaking of "Poet's Corner," in Westminster Abbey, he says:

"Ben Jonson, Addison, Beaumont,
With Chaucer, Spenser, Prior, in front;
And Dryden, Sheridan, and Campbell,
And more, too many to assemble,
Bring up the rear of this array
Of literary grave display."

We have,

"A high relief on this is seen
That shows the rape of Proserpine."
"The three wise men who from the East
Brought presents to an infant Christ."

The springs at Aix-la-Chapelle are catalogued as

"— hot and strong,
And healthful to the num'rous throng,

With rheumatism, gout, and sin,
And all diseases of the skin."

At Florence, the tourist being ill, the boy writes a prescription:

"The page then wrote (we merely copy)
His 'Recipe, tinctura opii;'"

and wrote as badly as the poet rhymes (opii converted into *oppy*!), for *tinctura* should be *tincture*, in the genitive case. He makes *columns* and *volumns* repeatedly rhyme. One passage in conclusion cannot be omitted. The doggerel account of the visit to England ends thus:

"A word we give, in earnest pity,
For visitors to London city;
The Grosvenor House, like gilded sin,
Is fair outside, but sad within:
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At Zanchi's, thirty-five Pall Mall."

Unfortunately for the rhyme, this last word is always pronounced Pell-Mell. The collector of internal revenue will probably demand advertisement-duty on the business card of Mr. Zanchi, thus introduced.

This poem is no mere *brochure*, squib, or joke. It is a serious composition, by a gentleman who has filled the highest judicial seat in his native state, writes prose very ably, is a good critic, and speaks with fluency and force. It is clear that the gods have not made him poetical, but

he fondly believes that they have, and has gone to the expense of publishing this "Romance of Matrimony" to show that he is a poet!

R. S. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- W. H. APPLETON, New York.—Life of the Empress Josephine, first Wife of Napoleon. By P. C. Headley. 1865. Pp. 383.
Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By P. C. Headley. 1865. Pp. 471.
Women of the Bible. By P. C. Headley. 1865. Pp. 284.
Life of General Lafayette. By P. C. Headley. 1865. Pp. 380.
Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By P. C. Headley. 1865. Pp. 448.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Hand-Book of the Steam Engine. By John Bourne, C.E. 1865. Pp. 474.
JAMES O'KANE, New York.—Remy St. Remy; or, the Boy in Blue. By Mrs. C. H. Gildersleeve. 1865. Pp. 352.
WALKER, WISE & Co., Boston.—Faith and Patience: a Story and Something More for Boys. 1862. Pp. 211.
The Altar at Home. Second series. 1864. Pp. 336.
Sunny-Eyed Tin, the Observant Little Boy. 1865. Pp. 102.
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—Aurora Floyd. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Pp. 372.
Rebel Brag and British Bluster. 1865. Pp. 111.
T. B. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia.—The Red-Court Farm. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1865. Pp. 256.
Speech of George Francis Train on Irish Independence and English Neutrality. 1865. Pp. 56.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—The Children in the Wood. Told in Verse. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Printed in oil colors by J. Bien. With illuminated cover from a design by John A. Hows. 1865.
TIBBALS & WHITING, New York.—Golden-Haired Gertrude: a Story for Children. By Theodore Tilton. 1865. Pp. 40.

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